

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a large red rose headpiece, a red strapless gown, and a red cape, stands in a grand, dark wood-paneled room. She holds a small white card in her right hand and rests her left hand on a wooden railing. The background features ornate woodwork and a large mirror.

THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s.

18 Feb. 1959

DEBUTANTE NUMBER

Preview of
THE 1959 SEASON

Deb's view of
A DEB'S PROGRESS

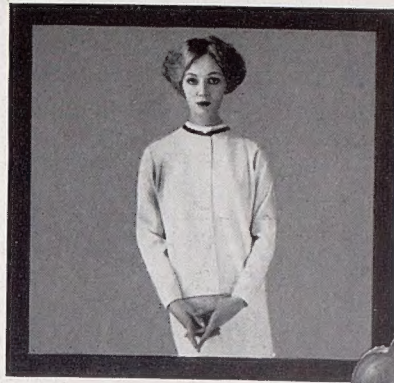
This label is issued by the Fur Breeders Association of the United Kingdom to denote all that is finest in Mink



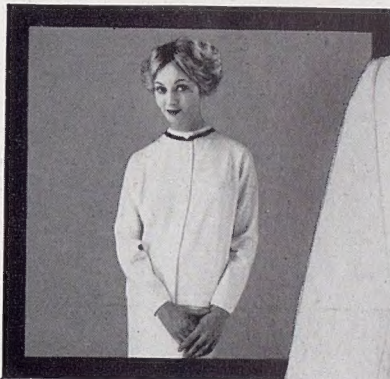
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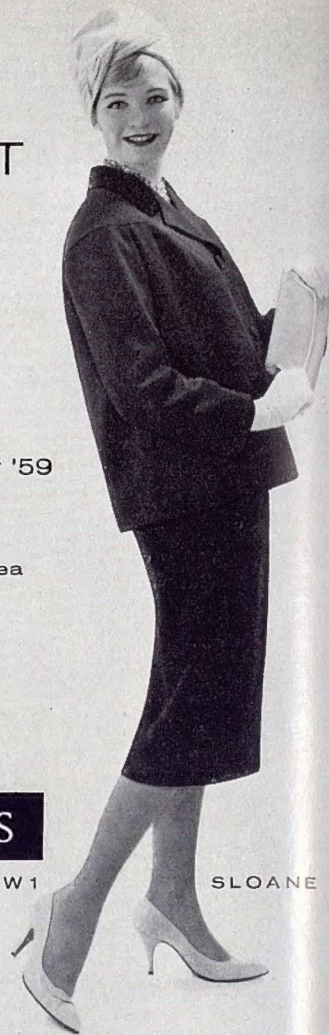
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a slender suit in navy barathea
with neat velvet collar and
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Both ensembles are in sizes 10 to 20.

Miss Terry's hats as you know are always £4 19s. 6d.

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WHERE *to go*... WHAT *to see*

Planning your programme

BY JOHN MANN

MAKE-AND-MEND, with its overtones of improvisation and experiment, deeply appeals to the Anglo-Saxon temperament. An example of making on the grand scale is to be seen at the **Le Corbusier Exhibition** at the Building Centre, Store Street, W.C.1 (until 6 March). This dynamic innovator has his off-moments, but the exhibition shows why his impact on world architecture has been so stupendous—leaving aside his exciting sidelines of painting and sculpture. Not to be missed.

Social critics so often draw attention to Britain's tottering tenements and bleary-windowed bungalows, that all efforts to improve appearances must be welcomed. A powerful instrument to this end is the do-it-yourself movement, and **The Practical Householder Exhibition** at Earls Court (to 28) reveals recent trends in this line. As one who looks on edge tools with the respect usually accorded to black mambas, I have nothing but awe for these practical, and indeed fearless householders. One hopes that their mending days may soon be over, liberating them into full creative activity with the masses of ingenious appliances and materials on view at this show.

Two important musical events are in prospect at the Royal Festival Hall. One is the visit of the Queen to a concert by the **Bach Choir** (24 February); the other, the 10th anniversary concert of the **London Mozart Players** (tomorrow). This ensemble, under its gifted conductor Harry Blech, is dedicated to keeping the spirit of pure musical classicism alive in our midst. It does so superbly.

Auctions continue to offer fascinating subjects for contemplation. There should be a pilgrimage of the Left-Wing faithful to **Sotheby's** on 24 February when drawings (from

life) of Lenin and Trotsky are sold, but others may prefer to go next Monday, when a volume produced by the City's first printing firm (a Lithuanian and a Belgian were the partners) in 1481 is up for disposal.

Everybody with a cherry-tree in their garden should go to the **George Washington Birthday Ball** at the May Fair Hotel on 24 February. Make a note, too, of the **Spring Fair** at Roote's Showrooms, Piccadilly, on 18-19 March, for the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Information may be had from Lady Grenfell, 4 Palace Gate, W.8.

George & Vulture, 3 Castle Court, Cornhill, E.C.3. "Famous City chophouse—was much used by Charles Dickens. Choose your own chops and steaks and watch them grill."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Valmouth (Saville). "Nothing sham about this adaptation by Sandy Wilson from a Ronald Firbank novel. The lyrics are . . . clever and satirical . . . some exuberantly tuneful numbers . . . witty chatter . . . scattered absurdities."

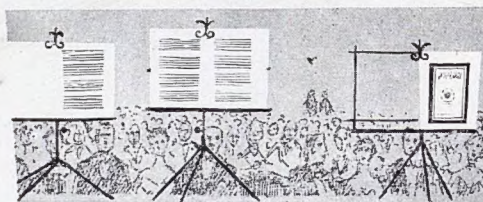
Chrysanthemum (Apollo). "Something of a surprise, a musical comedy which has got hold of an amusing idea and exploits it with an exhilarating sense of fun."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

Fortunella. "The chief fascination . . . Signorina Masina's touching performance as the poor clown with a vast and indestructible capacity for immediate joy."

The Lady Is A Square. "Mr. Frankie Vaughan . . . in splendid voice and good spirits. . . . There is nobody like Miss Neagle. We should buy her for the nation."



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(from recent contributions):

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by Martin Douglas

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PASSPORT—a weekly travel column

Follow the artists

by DOONE BEAL

VILLEFRANCHE and Portofino . . . Capri and Positano . . . it's by accident rather than design, but painters have been more often responsible for discovering holiday resorts than all the travel agents put together. That perfect little Mediterranean fishing village, first patronized by working painters, evolves (as the well-heeled bohemians follow in their footsteps and the fishnet décor in the cafés becomes self-consciously chic) into a cluster of old houses dominated by the resort hotel, while the fishermen ply a more lucrative trade with motor-boats for hire.

Of course, much depends on the stage of evolution at which you like to pick your resort. What is "getting ruined" by one person's standards is just becoming habitable by another's. However, in the hope of tracking down some of today's still unspoiled hideouts, I have been talking to various contemporary English painters about the places they have recently visited.

The big stream of English tourists to Yugoslavia is broadening out, but Leonard Rosoman doesn't think it has yet reached a favourite village of his, Mlini, near Dubrovnik. "It's got the sort of landscape I like—simple and rather mysterious, but emphatically *not* picturesque. It is a curious mixture of bare, mountainous rock, with inlets of luscious little valleys—almost tropical-looking—with fig trees and terraced vines coming down practically to the water. There is a tiny little sand beach to sunbathe on, or you can swim from the rocks." Where to stay? Just one hotel so far—"Comfortable but no more; no particular style or chic; food very simple but quite good. All the houses are colour-washed, slightly dilapidated, not a new building in sight . . . somehow, one has the feeling of being in a very old part of the world."

Julian Trevelyan likes to go somewhere different every year, but wants to revisit both Malta and Languedoc, the wine growing area of S.W. France. Malta he describes as "a Cubist's paradise—everything is square," and he also spent some time in the neighbouring island of Gozo, "where there are still blessedly few tourists." In Languedoc, he likes a little inland village called Penne, not far from Albi where Lautree spent his childhood. He describes the country as dramatic—full of old castles, rocks, forests and rivers. He stayed at a "comfortable little inn" in the village itself.

Robert Buhler told me of a coastal village in Spain, Benicassim, not far north of Valencia, which he has visited for two years running.

There are no pavements in the street, all the women fetch water from the well, and the donkeys still sleep in the back rooms. Life is strictly peasant, apart from an oasis of villas nearby inhabited by Spanish families from Valencia and Barcelona. Even at the end of July "when it is wonderfully hot" it is not crowded.

Even on the crowded Costa Brava, the painters manage to needle out places off the beaten track. This must be taken quite literally from John Barker, who gave me a graphic description of the fifteen-mile journey through hairpin bends along a "frightful" road to reach Cadaques, in the foothills of the Pyrenees, close to the French border. Salvador Dali lives near this fishing village. Many French families holiday there in July and August (the sea food, I gather, is spectacular), but it has so far been somewhat by-passed by the British. There are at least a couple of hotels and more will no doubt be built, but the general impression is that Cadaques has quite a long way to go before it is on the travel posters.

Kenneth Rowntree has many loves, including Newtondale (in Yorkshire), and Gisors (in Normandy) in which area of rolling cornfields, forests and rivers Pissarro painted a good deal. Mr. Rowntree is also fond of Brittany. He told me of Lesconil, a fishing port on an estuary just south of Quimper. The long drive round the estuary to reach it has so far kept it fairly secluded, and this is unlikely to be changed by the advent of a new hotel. Mr. Rowntree emphasizes how little known and worth exploring is this whole area of Brittany, especially inland. For example, Moncontour, just a few miles inland from St. Brienc, is a beautiful baroque market town. Also Vannes, in southern Brittany, and Trinité sur Mer, close by. He describes it as wonderful motoring country, because the physical characteristics change so enormously and so quickly—rocky coastline, sand dune country, flat coastline with oyster beds, odd patches of rich agricultural areas, and much volcanic rock.

Nearest airports (summer fares):
MLINI: By air to Venice from £34 13s. return, thence by steamer to Dubrovnik and bus to Mlini. Or fly to Belgrade (from £53 2s.).
MALTA: From £42 return.
LANGUEDOC: Bordeaux (£31 10s.) or Biarritz (£37 9s.) and on by car or train.

BENICASSIM: Valencia (from £38 10s.).
CADAQUES: Barcelona (from £33 12s.).
LESCONIL: Paris (from £11 19s.).
or Dinard (from £13 17s.).



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look by
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couture consultant Ronald Paterson

Salmon fishing opened on the Tweed at the beginning of February. Mr. Eric Appleton, of Aughton, Ormskirk, made this catch on the lower Birgham stretch, near Coldstream



R. Clapperton

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Preview of the dances for the 1959 season

by JENNIFER


THE
Tatler
BYSTANDER

CCXXXI No. 3006

18 February 1959

TWO SHILLINGS WEEKLY

NEXT WEEK: Holidaymaking in Britain—a guide by Penelope Turing. Controversy on Getting to Work in Cities, by Tom Hustler and Robin Douglas-Home. Also: Monica Furlong interviews Lord Altrincham

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 5½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 15s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

INGRAM HOUSE 195-8 STRAND
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THIS year, with no Royal presentation parties in March, the débutante season reverts to its original start—the first week in May. Dances follow nearly every night for the next three months. There is to be, however, a preliminary canter during April with a spate of débutante cocktail parties in London and a few country dances. Some débutante dances have also been fixed for the autumn and winter, and I include them on my list. I begin with a list of cocktail parties, all taking place in London, as follows:

THURSDAY, 2 APRIL
Mrs. Kenneth Savill for Miss Susan Savill, at the Cavalry Club
Lord & Lady Chesham for their niece Miss Susan Fry at the House of Lords

MONDAY, 6 APRIL
Mrs. John Mann for Miss Victoria Mann

TUESDAY, 7 APRIL
Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie, Mrs. Alan Phillpotts and Mrs. Kenneth Rampling for Miss Susan Mackenzie, Miss Mary Phillpotts and Miss Madeleine Rampling

WEDNESDAY, 8 APRIL
Mrs. Bill Curling for Miss Belinda Curling

THURSDAY, 9 APRIL
Lady Ropner for Miss Virginia Ropner

WEDNESDAY, 15 APRIL
Mrs. Alfred Mathias for her daughter Miss Juliet Pennington Legh

MONDAY, 20 APRIL
Lady Strathearn and Mrs. David Drummond for their daughters Miss Virginia Curle and Miss Sarah Drummond

TUESDAY, 21 APRIL
Mrs. Robert Abercromby for her daughter Miss Alexandra Lawrence, at the Hyde Park Hotel

WEDNESDAY, 22 APRIL
Mrs. Harry Greer and Mrs. Lawrence Pilkington for their daughters Miss Stephanie Todd and Miss Isobel Pilkington, in the Tallow Chandlers' Hall

THURSDAY, 23 APRIL
The Countess of Wemyss & March and Mrs. Colin Mackenzie for Lady Elizabeth Charteris and Miss Kirstie Mackenzie

MONDAY, 27 APRIL
Mrs. de Notto for her daughter Miss Caroline Hutchison
Mrs. Hugh Davis for Miss Susan Davis, at the Washington Hotel

WEDNESDAY, 29 APRIL
Mme. Pia Baricalla Maggi for Miss Annamaria Baricalla Maggi

THURSDAY, 30 APRIL
Mrs. D. H. Hildyard for her daughter Miss Elisabeth Longmore

THURSDAY, 14 MAY
Mrs. Gordon Foster for Miss Rosanna Foster

THURSDAY, 21 MAY
Mrs. Shepley-Cuthbert for Miss Caroline Shepley-Cuthbert

TUESDAY, 26 MAY
Mrs. Cameron Macpherson and Mrs. Geoffrey White for Miss Janet Macpherson and Miss Alice White

SATURDAY, 4 JULY
Mrs. Jack Buchanan for Miss Theodora Bassett



Andreae—O'Reilly: Miss Octavia M. Andreae, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. P. Andreae, Tandridge Court, Oxted, Surrey, married Lt.-Cmdr. Derek A. P. O'Reilly, R.N., son of Mrs. & the late Col. K. W. R. O'Reilly, Three Gates, Walton-On-The-Hill, at All Saints', Oxted



Perry—Stocks: Miss Janet Rosemary P. Perry, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. S. W. P. Perry-Aldworth, Wilbraham Place, S.W.1, married Mr. James C. G. Stocks, elder son of Sir Denys & Lady Stocks, Littlestone-on-Sea, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Sunley—Tice: Miss Joan M. Sunley, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Sunley, Harley Road, Regents Park, N.W.3, married Mr. James A. Tice, son of Mr. & Mrs. Alan Tice, Runford, Farnham, Surrey, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street



Skipwith—Benda: Miss Noel Camilla Skipwith, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. P. L. Skipwith, Rapleys, Grazeley, Reading, married Captain Anthony C. A. Benda, The Queen's Dragoon Guards, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. K. Benda, Abington Court, W.8, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton



WEDNESDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER
Mrs. Clifford-Wing for Miss Sarah Clifford-Wing

PRIVATE DANCES 1959

FRIDAY, 20 MARCH
Mrs. Eric St. Johnston for Miss Caroline St. Johnston, in Lancashire

FRIDAY, 3 APRIL
The Hon. Mrs. James Lindsay (small dance) for Miss Julia Lindsay, at Heddon Hall, Parracombe, North Devon. (Also dance on 31 July)

FRIDAY, 10 APRIL
Mrs. Montague Fry (small dance) for Miss Susan Fry, at Incents, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire

SATURDAY, 11 APRIL
Mrs. Bertram Pemberton (small dance) for Miss Gillian Pemberton and coming-of-age of Mr. Ian Pemberton, in Hampshire

SATURDAY, 18 APRIL
Mrs. Denis Lyons for Miss Catherine Lyons, at Trebeneyn Park, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire

FRIDAY, 24 APRIL
Mrs. Digby Chamberlain for Miss Prudence Chamberlain, at Woodlands, Harrogate

MONDAY, 4 MAY
Mrs. Horace Sewell and Mrs. Patrick Corbett for Miss Sarah Jane Corbett, at the Hyde Park Hotel

TUESDAY, 5 MAY
Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, Grosvenor House

WEDNESDAY, 6 MAY
Lady John Hope and Mrs. Gerald de Winton

for their daughters Miss Camilla Paravicini and Miss Laura Wallace, in the River Room at the Savoy

THURSDAY, 7 MAY
Mrs. Raymonde Horner (small dance) for Miss Sarah Horner, in the Orchid Room at the Dorchester

FRIDAY, 8 MAY
Lady Abell (small dance) for Miss Sibella Abell, at Hokwell Manor, Hatfield, Hertfordshire
Mrs. John Butterworth for Miss Anne Butterworth, at The Old Manor, Fulbourn, Cambridge

TUESDAY, 12 MAY
The Hon. Mrs. Carlisle and Mrs. Hope for Miss Katharine Carlisle and Miss Sarah Hope, at Hurlingham

THURSDAY, 14 MAY
Mrs. Bertram Butler and Mrs. Colin Mackenzie for Miss Doriel Butler and Miss Kirstie Mackenzie, at the Dorchester

SATURDAY, 16 MAY
Mrs. L. R. Seymour for Miss Anthea Seymour, at Little Hadham Place, Much Hadham

TUESDAY, 19 MAY
The Countess of Cottenham for her daughters Lady Davina and Lady Gillian Pepys, at the Dorchester

WEDNESDAY, 20 MAY
Mrs. Francis Ogilvy and Princess Djordjadze for Miss Kerry-Jane Ogilvy, at Quaglino's

THURSDAY, 21 MAY
Mrs. Henry Ballantyne for Miss Penelope and Miss Jean Ballantyne, at the Dorchester

FRIDAY, 22 MAY
Mrs. Richard Courtenay Boyle (small dance) for Miss Belinda Boyle, at Pegsdon Barns, nr. Hitchin

SATURDAY, 23 MAY
Mrs. Victor Canning for Miss Hilary Canning, at Marl Place, Brenchley, Kent
Lady Glyn for her nieces Miss Susan and Miss Ann Glyn, at Hole Farm, Albury, Hertfordshire

MONDAY, 25 MAY
The Hon. Mrs. Richard Fleming and Mrs. Michael Berry for Miss Sandra Fleming and Miss Priscilla Berry, at the Hyde Park Hotel

TUESDAY, 26 MAY
Mrs. Griffith-Williams and Mrs. Charles Chichester for Miss Caroline Griffith-Williams and Miss Elizabeth Chichester, at 6 Belgrave Square

THURSDAY, 28 MAY
Countess Peter Raben for her daughter Miss Starr Ankersimmons, at Londonderry House
Lady Campbell-Orde for Miss Jane Campbell-Orde, in London

FRIDAY, 29 MAY
Mrs. William Hamilton, Mrs. John Price and Mrs. George Maxwell for Miss Lisa Hamilton, Miss Sarah Price and Miss Mary Maxwell, at the Old Mill House, Frimley Green, Surrey
Mrs. Cuthbert Watts (small dance) for Miss Sarah Watts, at Ismere House, nr. Kidderminster

SATURDAY, 30 MAY
Lady Roberts for Miss Jane Roberts, at Cockley Cley Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk

MONDAY, 1 JUNE
Mrs. Malcolm McKenzie, Mrs. Nigel Fisher and Mrs. Cival for their daughters Miss

Susan McKenzie, Miss Sally Ford and Miss Martha Cival, at 6 Hamilton Place

TUESDAY, 2 JUNE

Mrs. G. H. Dixon and Mrs. J. M. Trusted for Miss Judy Dixon and Miss Susan and Miss Sara-Jane Trusted, at Claridge's
The Hon. Lady Maclean (small dance) for her daughter Miss Susan Rose Phipps, in London

WEDNESDAY, 3 JUNE

Mrs. Anthony Barclay and Mrs. Thomas Naylor for Miss Alicia Barclay and Miss Mary Anne Naylor, at Quaglino's
Viscountess Kelburn for the Hon. Sarah Boyle, at Maxwell House, Owslebury, nr. Winchester

Mrs. John Wilson (small dance) for Miss Mary Wilson, at the Hyde Park Hotel

FRIDAY, 5 JUNE

Mrs. George Coles for Miss Denise Coles, at Campden House, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire

SATURDAY, 6 JUNE

Lady Braye and Mrs. James Maxwell for the Hon. Penelope Verney-Cave and Miss Sarah Maxwell, at Stanford Hall, Rugby
Mr. J. H. Walford for Miss Belinda Walford, at the Old House, Wolverton, Buckinghamshire

MONDAY, 8 JUNE

Mrs. George Brodrick for Miss Maxine Brodrick, at 17 Hyde Park Gardens

TUESDAY, 9 JUNE

Mrs. Sparke-Davies and Mr. Francis Fisher for Miss Carolinda Sparke-Davies and Miss L. Fisher, at Hurlingham

WEDNESDAY, 10 JUNE

The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry for her granddaughter the Hon. Elizabeth Kinnaird at Londonderry House

Mrs. Robert Calvert and Mrs. Michael Gibb for Miss Diana Calvert and Miss Rosemary Gibb, at Quaglino's

THURSDAY, 11 JUNE

Viscountess Kemsley and the Marchioness of Huntly for Lady Lemina Gordon

Mrs. Bruce Mitchell (small dance) for Miss Caroline Mitchell, at Trinity House

FRIDAY, 12 JUNE

Mrs. Dennis Stewart-Brown for Miss Tonia Stewart-Brown, at The Street Barn, Great Hallingbury, Essex

SATURDAY, 13 JUNE

Mrs. Robert Taylor for Miss Maria Taylor, at Tew Park, Oxfordshire (kindly lent by Major Eustace Robb)

Mrs. O. Crosthwaite-Eyre for Miss Philippa Crosthwaite-Eyre, at Warrens, Bramshaw, Lyndhurst

MONDAY, 15 JUNE

Mrs. David Colville and Mrs. Gough for Miss Sara Colville and Miss Thalia Gough, and coming-of-age of Mr. Benjamin Gough, at 6 Belgrave Square

FRIDAY, 19 JUNE

Mrs. Rieben and Mrs. Bromley-Davenport for Mrs. Rieben's twin granddaughters Miss Elinor and Miss Isabella Seely, at Wentworth Golf Club

The Countess of Ronaldshay for Lady Serena Dundas and coming-of-age of Lord Dundas

SATURDAY, 20 JUNE

Mrs. Guy Moreton for Miss Lavinia Moreton, at Pickenham Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk

Mrs. Warlow-Harry for Miss Hilary Warlow-Harry, at Westfields, Moreton Morrell, Warwickshire

Other People's Babies



R. P. Crosoer

CHARLES, nine months, son of the Hon. Malcolm & Mrs. Ritchie, Chestnut Cottage, Beckley, Sussex

MONDAY, 22 JUNE

Mrs. Hugh Barton for Miss Susannah Barton, in the River Room at the Savoy
Mrs. Timothy Ellis and Mrs. Timothy Powell for their daughters Miss Susan Orde and Miss Elisabeth-Ann Powell, at Bedford House, Chiswick Mall (kindly lent by Sir Arthur Ellis)

TUESDAY, 23 JUNE

Lady Howard de Walden for the Hon. Jessica Scott-Ellis, at Hurlingham

WEDNESDAY, 24 JUNE

Mrs. John Bostock and Mrs. Alfred Mathias for Mrs. Mathias's daughter Miss Juliet Pennington Legh, in London

Mrs. Trevor Price (small dance) for Miss Caroline Price, at the Naval and Military Club

THURSDAY, 25 JUNE

Mrs. Delmé-Radcliffe for Miss Milet Delmé-Radcliffe, at Hitchin Priory, Hertfordshire

FRIDAY, 26 JUNE

Mrs. W. D. Keown-Boyd and Mrs. G. De Pree for Miss Jennifer Keown-Boyd and Miss Jane De Pree, at The Grange, Plaxtol, Kent

Mrs. Anthony Mathias (small dance) for Miss Victoria Mathias, at the Manor House, Weston Turville, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire

SATURDAY, 27 JUNE

Mrs. J. D. Young for Miss Judy Young, at Thornton Hall, nr. Bletchley, Buckinghamshire

Mrs. George Pinney for Miss Veronica Pinney, at Staplefield Court, Haywards Heath, Sussex

Mrs. Patrick Moseley for Miss Patricia



Vivienne

SARAH, two years, daughter of The Hon. Vere & Mrs. Harnsworth, The Old Square, S.W.1.



Norton-Pratt

JANE CAROLINE, three years, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. J. Cope-Lewis, The Old House, Newton Mearns, Renfrewshire

Moseley, at Dorfold Cottage, Acton, Cheshire

Lady Boothby for Miss Caroline Boothby, at Fommon Castle, Glamorgan

MONDAY, 29 JUNE

Mrs. Dorian Reed (small dance) for Miss Sophia Reed, in London

Mrs. John Trethowan for Miss Jacqueline Trethowan, at 6 Hamilton Place

TUESDAY, 30 JUNE

Lady des Voeux for Miss Jane des Voeux, at the Hyde Park Hotel

The Dowager Lady Edmonstone (small dance) for Miss Susan Edmonstone, at the Savoy

WEDNESDAY, 1 JULY

Mrs. Philip Oppenheimer for Miss Valerie Oppenheimer, at Park Place, Englefield Green, Surrey

THURSDAY, 2 JULY

Lady Violet Benson for her granddaughter Lady Elizabeth Charteris at Walpole House, Chiswick Mall

Mrs. Alan Palmer for her niece Miss Carol Harbord and her god-daughter Miss Gillian Dance, in London

Mrs. Eric Dugdale for Miss Rose Dugdale, in London

FRIDAY, 3 JULY

Her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk for her debutante daughters Lady Mary and Lady Sarah Fitzalan-Howard and the coming-of-age of Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard, at Arundel Castle, Sussex

SATURDAY, 4 JULY

The Countess of Denbigh for Lady Clare Feilding, at Pailton House, Rugby
Mrs. William Fox-Pitt for Miss Sarah

Fox-Pitt, at Marsh Court, Sherborne, Dorset

TUESDAY, 7 JULY

Mrs. Tatlock Hubbard and Mrs. Kenneth Rampling for Miss Caroline Hubbard and Miss Madeline Rampling, at Quaglino's

WEDNESDAY, 8 JULY

Mrs. Harry Elliott and Mrs. Edmond Mockler (small dance) for their daughters Miss Elizabeth Pinney and Miss Suzanne Mockler, in London

THURSDAY, 9 JULY

The Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava for the coming-of-age of her son the Marquess of Dufferin & Ava, in London

Mrs. Weisweiler for her granddaughter Miss Shanet Fitzpatrick, at Claridge's

FRIDAY, 10 JULY

The Countess of Dundee for her daughter Miss Janet Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, at the Dorchester

The Hon. Mrs. A. Vanneck for Miss Margita Vanneck, at Heveningham Hall, Halesworth, Suffolk

SATURDAY, 11 JULY

Mrs. Richard Stafford (small dance) for Miss Veronica Stafford, at Cherrys, Woldingham, Surrey

Mrs. John Colegrave for her daughter Miss Lee Sturgeon, at Wadhurst, Sussex

Mrs. William Rathbone (small dance) for Miss Penelope Rathbone, at the Old Cloth Hall, Cranbrook, Kent

Mrs. Somerset Hopkinson for Miss Julia Hopkinson, at Llanvihangel Court, Abergavenny

Lady McCreery (small dance) for Miss Sarah McCreery

Mrs. Charles Potter (small dance) for Miss Carol Potter, at Field House, Bridge, nr. Canterbury

MONDAY, 13 JULY

Mrs. Michael Halford and Mrs. John Waterfield for Miss Julie Halford and Miss Adrienne Waterfield, at 6 Belgrave Square

TUESDAY, 14 JULY

Mrs. George Bradford for Miss Penelope Bradford and the 21st birthday of Mr. Jeremy Bradford, in London

WEDNESDAY, 15 JULY

Mrs. William Chippindall-Higgin for her daughter Miss Peta-Carolyn Stocker and Mrs. A. O. Hutchison for her stepdaughter Miss Caroline Hutchison, at the Hyde Park Hotel

THURSDAY, 16 JULY

Mrs. Hugh Wontner for Miss Jenifer Wontner, at the Savoy

FRIDAY, 17 JULY

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Richardson; Mrs. Worsfold McClenaghan and Mrs. James Groves for their daughters Miss Penelope Going, Miss Jane Gaunt and Miss Penelope Groves, at Ashe Warren House, Overton, Hampshire

Mrs. Thomas Abel Smith for Miss Dorothy Abel Smith, at Woodhall Park, Hertford

SATURDAY, 18 JULY

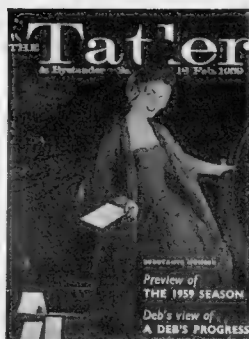
Mrs. Stuart Pitman and Mrs. John Pitman for Miss Celia Pitman and Miss Lavinia Pitman, at Eastcourt House, nr. Malmesbury, Wiltshire

Mrs. Eddie Tyler (barbecue dance) for Miss Virginia Tyler, at the River Pavilion, Cliveden, Buckinghamshire

WEDNESDAY, 22 JULY

Mrs. Richard Thomas and Mrs. Alexander Gibson for Miss Victoria Thomas and Miss Serena Gibson, at Hurlingham

concluded on page 292



John Cowan

The cover debutante wears Worth's camellia-red organza coat, richly appliquéd with lace. Under it, a tulip-shaped dress of the same lace with bodice of shirred chiffon



MRS. ANN DARBYSHIRE (fitting Miss Mary Phillpotts, a debutante pupil) is the principal of the Ann Darbyshire School of Dressmaking at 68 Glebe Place. Many debutantes make their dresses for the Queen Charlotte's Ball at the School

1959

End of term . . .

eve of season

Six pages of portraits of girls who will come out in the new season—not forgetting some finishing-school principals who have contributed to the results

MRS. W. RENNIE-O'MAHONY founded the Cygnets House at Queen's Gate in 1945 to establish a "sixth form in London" for girls from public schools. She describes the Cygnets not as a finishing school but as a college for further education and vocational guidance. She is the widow of Captain W. Rennie-O'Mahony, Royal Munster Fusiliers (King's African Rifles)



MISS DOROTHY NEVILLE-ROLFE is the head of the House of Citizenship at Hartwell House, Aylesbury, where students are taught to be top secretaries. Usually there are eighty girls from all over the world on courses at the school



Miss Hilary Canning, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Victor Canning, Marl Place, Brenchley, Kent. Her dance will be held at Marl Place in May. Her father is the novelist

Miss Lavinia Moreton, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Moreton, Pickenham Hall, Norfolk. Her dance will be held at Pickenham on 20 June



Betty Swaabe

Miss Caroline Shepley-Cuthbert (below), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Shepley-Cuthbert, Cavendish Avenue, London, W.8. She will have a dance at her home on 7 October

Tom Hustler



Miss Elizabeth Hurst, daughter of Col. R. L. & Lady Barbara Hurst, Rusper Nunnery, Horsham

Yevonde

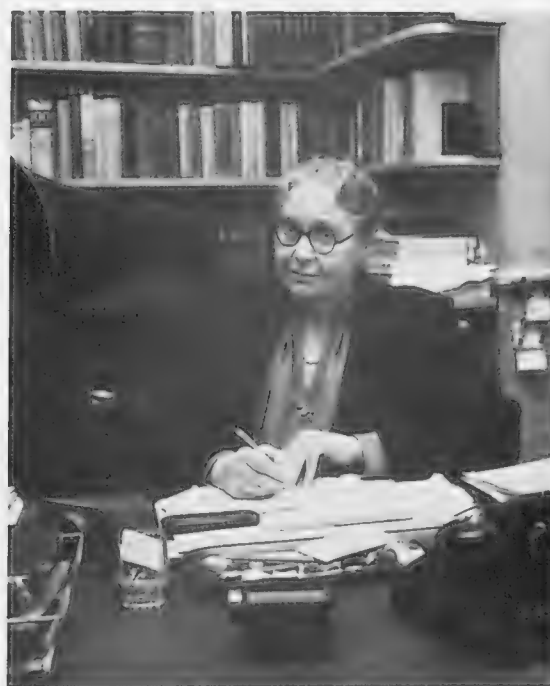


Miss Starr Ankersimmons, daughter of the late Wing Commander Ankersimmons, and Countess Peter Raben, Wardington Lodge, nr. Banbury. Her dance will be on 28 May at Londonderry House

Dorothy Wilding



MISS MADELINE LAMBERT has a school at Queen's Gardens, W.2, which gives general education with emphasis on languages and the arts (behind, some of the pupils are acting a play). From Miss Lambert's girls go on to the finishing schools



Photographs by Desmond O'Neill

THE HON. HELEN G. JOYNSON-HICKS, daughter of the 1st Viscount Brentford, is now principal of the Monkey Club, with which she has been associated for 30 years. The old gramophone is a feature of her study at 24 Pont Street

Lady Diana Douglas-Home is daughter of the Earl & Countess of Home, Springhill, Coldstream, Berwickshire



DANCES continued from page 290**THURSDAY, 23 JULY**

Mrs. G. R. Mount (small dance) for her daughter Miss Georganne Mount, and her niece Miss Frances Mount, at Claridge's

FRIDAY, 24 JULY

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland for their niece Miss Lindy Guinness, at Belvoir Castle

SATURDAY, 25 JULY

Mrs. John Ward for the coming-of-age of Mr. Gerald Ward, in Berkshire

Mrs. Frank Clowes for her daughter Miss Susan Richardson, at Heydon Hall, Norfolk (kindly lent by Lady Rawlinson)

Mrs. Robin Clover, Mrs. John Knox and Mrs. Kenneth Whitehead (small dance) for Miss Susan Clover, Miss Miranda Knox, and Miss Claire Whitehead, at Harrogate

THURSDAY, 30 JULY

Mrs. Denis Bingham (small dance), for Miss Victoria Bingham, at the Normandie Hotel

FRIDAY, 31 JULY

The Hon. Mrs. James Lindsay for Miss Julia Lindsay, at Heddou Hall, Parracombe, North Devon

SATURDAY, 8 AUGUST

Mrs. Richard Eyre for Miss Georgina Eyre, at Bullsmead Maiden Newton, Dorset

SATURDAY, 15 AUGUST

Mrs. Percy Legard for Annabel Legard, at Leat House, Malton, Yorkshire

SATURDAY, 22 AUGUST

Mrs. Digby Chamberlain for Miss Jennifer Chamberlain's 21st birthday, at Woodlands, Harrogate

FRIDAY, 28 AUGUST

Mrs. W. H. Crawford for Miss Susan Crawford, at Huntington, East Lothian

SATURDAY, 5 SEPTEMBER

Lady Ropner for Miss Virginia Ropner, at Thorpe Perrow, Bedale, Yorkshire

THURSDAY, 10 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Robert Abercromby for her daughter Miss Alexandra Lawrence, at Meldrum House, Aberdeenshire

FRIDAY, 11 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Hervey Stuart Black for Miss Sally Stuart Black, on Loch Lomondside

WEDNESDAY, 16 SEPTEMBER

Lady Lovat for her daughter the Hon. Fiona Fraser, and Lady Nutting and Mrs. Cedric Boyd for their granddaughters Miss Davina Nutting and Miss Susan Clowes, at the Northern Meeting Rooms, Inverness

SATURDAY, 19 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Stuart Don and Mrs. Tom Willes (small dance) for Miss Virginia Don and Miss Olda Willes, at The Hays, Ramsden, Oxfordshire

Mrs. Desmond Buxton (small dance) for Miss Rosalinde and Miss Elizabeth Buxton, at Hoveton Hall, Norwich

SATURDAY, 26 SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Harry Birkbeck for Miss Fiona Birkbeck, at Westacre High House, King's Lynn

FRIDAY, 2 OCTOBER

Mrs. Neville Salvesen for Miss Camilla Salvesen in London

SATURDAY, 3 OCTOBER

Mrs. Bill Curling for Miss Belinda Curling, at Conford Park Farm, Liphook, Hampshire
Mrs. Fulford for her daughter Miss Judy Persse, at Fulford, nr. Exeter

MONDAY, 5 OCTOBER

Lady Muir-Mackenzie for her daughter Miss Catriona Glencairn-Campbell, in London

TUESDAY, 6 OCTOBER

Lady Reckitt for her step-granddaughter Miss Mary Maxwell and Mrs. De Worms for Miss Anne De Worms, in London

WEDNESDAY, 7 OCTOBER

Mrs. Shepley-Cuthbert (small dance) for Miss Caroline Shepley-Cuthbert, in London

THURSDAY, 8 OCTOBER

Mrs. John Burness for Miss Vivienne Burness, at Templewood Gardens, Hampstead

FRIDAY, 9 OCTOBER

Mrs. Longland for Miss Julia Longland in London

SATURDAY, 10 OCTOBER

Mrs. Jack Speed for Miss Marietta Speed, at Knowlton Court, nr. Canterbury.

Mrs. William Pilkington and Mrs. Harry Greer for Mrs. Greer's daughter Miss Stephanie Todd, at Wardington House, Banbury, Oxfordshire

THURSDAY, 15 OCTOBER

Mrs. Edward Norman-Butler (small dance) for Miss Catherine Norman-Butler, at Dartmouth House

FRIDAY, 16 OCTOBER

Mrs. Geoffrey Lyon for Miss Virginia Lyon, at Hydon End, Hambledon, Godalming
Mrs. Scobie Gilmer and Mrs. Ronald Barbor for Miss Judy Gilmer and Miss Diana Barbor, at Knebworth House, Hertfordshire

TUESDAY, 20 OCTOBER

Lady Jean Philipps, Lady Katharine Nicholson and Lady Barbara Hurst for Miss Georgina Philipps, Miss Emma Nicholson and Miss Elizabeth Hurst, at the Ironmongers' Hall

WEDNESDAY, 21 OCTOBER

Mrs. John Barstow for Miss Olivia Barstow, at Claridge's

THURSDAY, 22 OCTOBER

Mrs. Frederick Roberts (small dance) for Miss Patricia Roberts, in London

TUESDAY, 27 OCTOBER

Mrs. James Musker for Miss Juliet Musker, in London

TUESDAY, 10 NOVEMBER

Lady Birkin for Miss Jennifer Birkin, in London

SATURDAY, 5 DECEMBER

Mrs. George Hume for her daughter Miss Ingrid Geach, at Stratford-on-Avon

MONDAY, 7 DECEMBER

Mrs. Christopher Jardine (small dance) for Miss Theresa Jardine, at the Normandie Hotel

TUESDAY, 8 DECEMBER

Mrs. D. H. Hildyard (small dance) for her daughter Miss Elisabeth Longmore, in London

WEDNESDAY, 9 DECEMBER

Mrs. Malcolm Vaughan for Miss Victoria Vaughan, in London

Other important dates for debutantes are listed on page 298.

Tickets for the Rose Ball (2½ gns.) may be obtained from Mrs. Moreshead, 33 The Little Boltons, s.w.10; for the Débutante Dress Show (1 gn.) from Mrs. Fenwick, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, w.c.2.; and for the Caledonian Ball (£3) from Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Grosvenor House, w.1.

Picture reports of social events are on pages 307-10.



Tom Hustler

Miss Laura Wallace, daughter of the late Mr. David Wallace, and Mrs. G. de Winton, Maestrecht Castle, Glasbury, Hereford. She is having a London dance in May



Anthony Buckle

Miss Alicia Barclay, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Barclay, Broad Oak End, Hertford. She is having a dance in London on 3 June



Vandy

Miss Gillian Dance, daughter of Major & Mrs. J. Dance, who is M.P. for Bromsgrove, Moreton Morrell, Warwickshire. She is sharing a London dance on 2 July



Miss Lavinia Pitman,
daughter of the late
Captain J. Pitman, &
Mrs. Pitman, Foxley
House, Malmesbury, Wilts.
She is sharing a dance
on 18 July

Betty Swaabe



Miss Peta-Carolyn Stocker,
daughter of Mr. A. Stocker, and
Mrs. W. Chippindall-Higgin,
St. John's Wood. She is sharing
a dance at the Hyde Park
Hotel on 15 July

Betty Swaabe



Vane

Miss Sarah Jane Corbett,
daughter of Mr. & Mrs.
Patrick Corbett,
Springshaw, Tunbridge
Wells. She is having a
dance on 4 May



Tom Hustler

**Miss Milet Delmé-
Radcliffe,** daughter of
Mr. & Mrs. Delmé-
Radcliffe, Hitchin Priory,
Hitchin, Herts. She will
have a June dance at home



Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Elizabeth Anson,
daughter of the late
Viscount Anson, and of
Princess Anne of Denmark.
She is having a small
London dance in November



Yevonde

Miss Sarah Drummond,
daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D.
Drummond, Draycott Avenue,
Chelsea. She is sharing a
cocktail party on 20 April



Harrop

**Miss Miranda
Doughty-Tichborne,**
daughter of Sir Anthony &
Lady Doughty-Tichborne,
Tichborne Park,
Alresford, Hants



The Hon. Elizabeth Keppel,
daughter of Viscount &
Viscountess Bury. Her
grandmother, the Dowager
Marchioness of Londonderry,
gives a dance for her on 10 June

The Hon. Jessica Scott-Ellis, daughter of Lord & Lady Howard de Walden, Wonham Manor, Betchworth, Surrey. Her dance will be held in June at Hurlingham Club



Yevonde



Betty Swaabe

Above: Miss Sarah Merton, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Merton, The Grange, Enford, nr. Pewsey, Wilts. Her father painted last year's controversial portrait of Lady Dalkeith



F. J. Goodman

Opposite: Miss Camilla Paravicini, granddaughter of W. Somerset Maugham. Her parents are Colonel Paravicini, and Lady John Hope of Greys Cottage, Greys Green, Henley-on-Thames. Her dance is at the Savoy in May

Left: Lady Lemina Gordon, only daughter of the Marquess & Marchioness of Huntly, Aboyne Castle, Aberdeenshire. She is having a dance on 11 June



Betty Swaabe

Miss Jenifer Wontner, 17, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Wontner, Hedsor Priory, Hedsor, Bucks. Her London dance is on 16 July



Vane

Miss Sarah Maxwell, daughter of Major & Mrs. J. K. Maxwell, Buckby Folly, East Haddon, Northants. She shares a dance on 6 June



Pearl Freeman

Lady Gillian Pepys, 18, daughter of the Earl & Countess of Cottenham, Hungerhill House, Coolham, Sussex. Her dance is at the Dorchester in May



Macame Yevonde



Tom Hustler
Miss Julia Longland, 17, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Richard Longland, Catherine Place, S.W.1, and of Herstmonceux. Her dance will be held in London on 9 October



Miss Virginia Don, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Stuart Don, Victoria Road, W.8, and of Plainfield, New Jersey, U.S.A. She shares a dance at the Hays, Ramsden, with Miss Olga Willes on the 19 September

Miss Sarah Horner, only daughter of Lt.-Col. J. B. M. Horner, of Paris, & of Mrs. Raymonde Horner, London, S.W.3. Her Dorchester dance will be in May



Miss Serena Gibson, daughter of Mrs. & the late Capt. Alexander Gibson, Pont Street, S.W.1. She shares a dance at Hurlingham Club in July with Miss V. Thomas



The Hon. Penelope Mary Verney-Cave, 17, only daughter of Lord & Lady Braye, Stanford Hall, Rugby. Her dance will be held at her home in June



Gábor Éder

Miss Jean Ballantyne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. Ballantyne, Innerleithen. She shares a London dance in May with her sister





Desmond O'Neill

THE FARM WAGON doubles as a grandstand for point-to-point officials, some of whom are often masters of nearby hunts. This picture was taken at last year's point-to-point of the Mid-Kent Staghounds, held at Charing, an event which always attracts large crowds

'Out come the sheepskin coats, the shooting sticks—and this year no doubt coloured gym-stockings, too'. . . For many débutantes the

POINT-TO-POINT

season, now in its first week, is an informal introduction to social life.

DORIAN WILLIAMS, master of the Whaddon Chase, comments:

POINT-TO-POINTS are with us again and as surely as the snowdrops and the primroses they herald the Spring. True, they are often held to the accompaniment of biting north-easterly winds, February downpours, March gales, or April showers. And too frequently snow, frost or floods can see them postponed or abandoned. Yet the point-to-point season as the first of the year's outdoor activities emphasizes that winter is on the way out.

It is a short season—some 16 weeks only—but it is as firmly established in the British sporting and social calendar as the hunting season, the sailing season, the "season" itself. This is remarkable, for as a sport point-to-points are comparatively new. Our grandfathers, even in the latter 19th century, were competing in an amateur and informal race of the type that gave it its name. They challenged each other in those days to ride across country from one point to another—the natural amateur version of the steeplechase. (How strange that such genuine cross-country races should be becoming popular again today.) By the beginning of our own century our fathers were riding round a specified course: but the jumps were quite natural—brush fences, bullfinches, open water, posts and rails. The fences were flagged, the course measured, but the whole atmosphere of the meeting was amateur and informal.

No one ever thought of riding in colours; they wore ordinary hunting costume. No one ever thought of specially training a horse: they brought out their ordinary hunters at the end of the season. Someone had hit on the idea that to run this sort of unofficial race meeting was a good way of repaying local farmers for their kindness in allowing the hunt to ride over their land. They could be invited to come along, enjoy a good lunch, and watch the racing, in which all the horses and riders were known locally.

In order not to infringe the laws or upset proper racing, nothing could be charged for admission. But then the idea was never to make money—just to entertain the farmers: and the cost of that could be met by making a parking charge.

Between the wars, however, point-to-point meetings became much more professional and much more popular. Wily hunts saw that here was a way of making a bit of money—just at a time when many hunts were beginning to feel the pinch. And so they did all in their power to make their meetings popular and attract big crowds. Courses were carefully chosen to suit the spectators. Betting was encouraged. Colours instead of hunting costume were introduced so that the ordinary public could follow more easily. Bars and buffets were provided, race-cards, tipsters, running commentaries, and finally—as the greatest and most novel attraction—ladies' races. Even before the last war many hunts were relying almost exclusively

on their point-to-point to keep the hunt going. Crowds of 20-30,000 could be expected—more than 60,000 on a bank holiday.

Why is it all so popular? In the first place the standard of racing is really high. Only the other day a racing correspondent in a national daily, reviewing the next day's racing, said: "Magic Moment [*or whatever it was*] was never quite good enough to win a point-to-point, but he won two useful 'chases under National Hunt Rules last year." Many of our top-class 'chasers graduate up from the point-to-point course.

Secondly, for many town and city dwellers the local point-to-point is their only day out in the countryside for months on end. It has all the fun and excitement of going to the races with little of the expense. Thrills and spills; the crescendo of cheers for a rousing finish, the incessant chorus of the book-makers; the crush. The atmosphere is as typical of the British sporting crowd at its best as anyone could desire. Consequently every meeting is supported by coach parties and family cars filled to overflowing.

Thirdly, there is the social aspect. It is "done," even for the horsey people, to put in an appearance at the local point-to-point. Out come the sheepskin coats, gaily-coloured headscarves, shooting-sticks—with vast numbers of badges on for the superior ones, and "glasses." House parties, picnic hampers, Land-Rovers, "paddock-wangling," thick shoes and this year, doubtless, coloured gym-stockings. A brick-coloured tan to show one has been ski-ing; an arm in a sling to show one has been hunting; the new skirt-length, the latest colours, the last style in headwear to show one has kept in touch with or remained in town.

It all makes a natural and delightful prelude to the "season," this little *country* "season," centred round the point-to-points. If one has not the "faintest ideah" what is going on, what matter. By the town set it is considered clever: by the country set it is seized on as a delightful excuse for explaining—in detail.

Our grandfathers taking their own line across strongly fenced country for the flag on the sky line might be appalled by the crowds and the chatter and the ribbon of green between the sea of cars that is the straight. But then they lived in a more exclusive age: hunts did not need the support of the proletariat and town-dwellers in those days. Today it is different, and let it never be forgotten that if hunting ceased, so would point-to-points: and just as hunting has, rightly, broadened the basis of its support, so, rightly, have point-to-points. It is a day out for everyone: debs, farmers, office workers, factory-hands: everyone, in fact, who loves a bit of sport in the open air.

DATES

for the season

30 March	International Motor Racing at Goodwood
16-18 April	Badminton Horse Trials
20-21 April	Berkeley Debutante Dress Show (Berkeley Hotel)
22-25 April	Ascot Show Jumping
30 April	The Rose Ball (Grosvenor House)
1 May	Private View of the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition
11 May	The Royal Caledonian Ball (Grosvenor House) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will be present this year
14-16 May	Royal Windsor Horse Show
26-29 May	Chelsea Flower Show (Private View 26 May)
26 May-16 Aug.	Glyndebourne Opera Festival
29 May	Pembroke College Eights Week dance, Oxford; also Keble College summer ball
3 June	The Derby
3-20 June	Royal Tournament (Earls Court)
4 June	Fourth of June Celebrations at Eton
5 June	The Oaks
11-13 June	Royal Richmond Horse Show
13 June	Trooping the Colour (Horse Guards Parade)
15 June	First & Third Trinity Boat Club
16-19 June	Royal Ascot Race Week
16 June	Jesus College May Ball, Cambridge; also St. John's College May Ball
17 June	Guards Boat Club Ball (Maidenhead)
19 June	Queens' College Summer Ball, Oxford; also University College Summer Ball
22 June-4 July	All-England Lawn Tennis Championships (Wimbledon)
23 June	Oriel College Commemoration Ball, Oxford
1-4 July	Henley Royal Regatta (Henley-on-Thames)
3-4 July	Eton & Harrow Cricket Match (Lord's)
4 July	Eton & Harrow Ball (Hurlingham)
20-25 July	Royal International Horse Show (White City)
28-31 July	Goodwood Race Week
29 July	The Duchess of Norfolk's Ball for Sussex charities (Arundel Castle)
1-8 Aug.	Cowes Regatta (Isle of Wight)
4-8 Aug.	Dublin Horse Show week
9 Aug.	Bembridge Sailing Club dance
18-20 Aug.	York Race Week
2 & 3 Sept.	Portree Balls (Isle of Skye)
3-5 Sept.	Harewood Three-Day event
4 Sept.	Aboyne Ball
10 Sept.	Oban Ball
9-12 Sept.	Doncaster Race Week (St. Leger 12th)
15 Sept.	Northern Meeting Ball, Inverness
22 Sept.	First Perth Hunt Ball
23-24 Sept.	Perth Hunt Races
24 Sept.	Second Perth Hunt Ball
25 Sept.	Angus Ball

Deb's view of a

DEB'S PROGRESS

by MARDIE MADDEN



Lewis Morley

MARDIE MADDEN, daughter of B.B.C. TV chief Cecil Madden, was a leading deb in 1955. Now 21, she studied at the L.C.C. School of Arts & Crafts, and has been working as a costume designer at Pinewood film studios. She says she enjoyed her coming-out season...



THE CURTSY LESSON: Still necessary, though presentation parties are gone. Instead of curtsying to the Queen, this year's debs will have to be content with curtsying to the guest of honour at Queen Charlotte's Ball



THE DRESS FITTING: An ordeal that starts with being rather fun, and suddenly turns sour, wearing out debs' Mums and debs' dressmakers



THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BALL: Now the first big event of the season. The white-clad debs tow an outsize cake in and proceed to eat it



THE DEB TEAS: Early-season events, useful for summings-up of other debs and for comparing invitations



THE DEB ESCORTS: Their expressions soon reflect both late nights and the inevitable blaseness that comes from such a profusion of partners



THE DEBS' MUMS: Often more attractive than—and get more of a kick out of the season than—their unfortunate daughters



THE CHARITY DRESS SHOW: A chance for suitably-shaped debs to parade in couture clothes, be photographed for the evening papers and dream of careers as models



THE END: And what awaits when the marathon is over? As often as not, a swivel stool and a typewriter in an office



TATE Col. Robert Adeane, city financier and cousin of Sir Michael Adeane (private secretary to the Queen), is the chairman of the Friends of the Tate Gallery. This association, formed less than a year ago, has already raised £18,000 for the gallery and given it four works: *King and Queen* by Henry Moore; *The diners*, a painting by William Roberts; *La ville, première étude*, by Robert Delaunay, and *Harvest*, by Constant Permeke. Col. Adeane is himself an art collector and a trustee of the Tate



NEWS PORTRAITS



Dr. R. H. Schloss

TRIUMPH Above: The world bobsleigh championship passed to Britain for the first time with the victory of Flt/Lt. Colin Mitchell, of Sussex, on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz. Here Col. J. Coats presents him with the Curzon Trophy which he also won. Other pictures on page 307



Stephanie



Ida Kar



Tom Blau

TRIBUTE *Left*: Former pupils of Royal Academy of Music professor Ernest Read are giving him a portrait of himself by John Aubrey (Miss I. Chalmers) to mark his 80th birthday next Friday. On the following day Mr. Read will conduct a concert arranged in his honour at the Royal Festival Hall. Miss Chalmers, who has also painted Sir Thomas Beecham, came down from Scotland to paint Mr. Read at his Hampstead home

TRIP Russian-born Dr. Nicolai Malko, 69, has been invited by the Soviet Ministry of Culture to conduct concerts in Kiev, Moscow and Leningrad this spring. Dr. Malko left Russia in 1929, later becoming an American citizen. He has conducted all over the world and is now director of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. He returns in March. Dr. Malko has just concluded a series of concerts in Copenhagen



PARDONED:

THE NASII TERRACES, facing Regent's Park, escaped demolition last year after organized public protest. Shown on this page: Hanover Terrace, as it is today and, in a contemporary print, as it was in 1824 shortly after building by John Nash. The print belongs to Mrs. Ursula Vaughan-Williams, shown in her Hanover Terrace home under a bust of her late husband, the composer, by David McFall. She says:

“We tenants called meetings, wrote to the press, incited others who admired these houses to help, and started a passionate campaign against vandalism. Too many houses already were being used as offices, their rooms of fine proportion stuffed full of files instead of being available as homes for the many who would appreciate them.”

HISTORIC LONDON:

controversy

*Must we keep
pulling it down?*

KURT HUTTON (this page) and ALAN VINES (following pages) put the question in photographs, and ALAN ROBERTS pleads for more sensible rules



IS IT SENSE OR IS IT sentiment to object to the continual demolition of London's historic buildings? Space of course has to be cleared for new building, but why must it be cleared so indiscriminately that treasures like the Coal Exchange and Carlton Mews should be threatened with extinction? There is surely enough third-rate architecture in London that could be replaced instead.

With all the legislation about town-planning and development, to say nothing of the Ministry of Housing & Local Government's schedule of "buildings of historic and architectural value," it seems extraordinary that the problem can exist. And, indeed, there would be no problem if the issues were approached reasonably from both sides, instead of emotionally from the one and materialistically from the other.

As architect Sir William Holford says: "We should be skilful in recognizing what has really contributed to London's history and London's beauty; and determined in our efforts to retain it—letting the rest live and die in the natural order of things."

But there are almost as many ideas of what is of architectural interest as there are old buildings. Inevitably the statutory schedule, which is compiled by a handful of the Ministry's advisers, omits many that ought to be in and includes others that ought to be out. Worse, it is backed by little money and even less legislative power. Its value lies only in establishing beyond future argument some measure of a building's importance and in demanding that two months' notice be given of any intended alteration or destruction of a listed building,

continued on page 305



UNDER SENTENCE:

THE COAL EXCHANGE, close to Billingsgate Market, is a Victorian structure noted for its pioneer use of cast iron (1847-9) by City architect James Bunning. Right: The great hall, with its cast-iron balconies. Above: Detail of the second balcony, showing the (also cast iron) symbolic of those then used in the mines. There is also a cupola over the entrance shaped like a Davy lamp. The City Corporation wants to pull it all down to widen a road



ROMAN'S ROW, off Brompton Road, erected 1767. Though by no means masterpieces, these genuine old Georgian houses (below) are to be replaced not by some adventurous modern building but by fake-Georgian houses of the same height

MILTON MEWS (below right), off Trafalgar Square. This charming mews, built by Nash in about 1830, is among the last in London retaining a horse ramp to the upper floor. (The stables were above, and the coaches were kept below.) Shown here is the gallery that surrounds the courtyard. The adjoining United Service Club wants to expand on to this site





THE MARCH OF UGLINESS:

NOS. 10 & 11 DOWNING STREET (top), which many consider have nothing but history to recommend them, and which are also in bad repair and unsuitable for their purpose, are nevertheless to be preserved and reconstructed at enormous cost

NO. 44 GROSVENOR SQUARE (above), home of Lady Illingworth, is the last remaining private house in the square. The first news of Waterloo was brought here, the Prime Minister being a dinner guest at the time. The house's Georgian proportions are now overshadowed

ROBERT ADAM STREET (above right), Marylebone, has been turned into an eyesore by haphazard development. An undistinguished office building has gone up at one end and a similar building is going up at the other. The terrace houses built by Samuel Adams about 1773 are truncated

WOBURN WALK, ST. PANCRAS (right), is a delightful old (scheduled) side street that has so far miraculously survived. Built by Thomas Cubitt, the creator of Belgravia, in 1822, it is still little known to Londoners



SIR JOHN SUMMERSON is curator of the Soane Museum and a distinguished architectural historian. He is shown in his Hampstead home, against a painting by Ben Nicholson.

He says:

Today more people are more conscious than ever before of architecture as history and architecture as art . . . I sometimes wonder if this . . . has something to do with our lack of success in producing a contemporary architecture which is warmly and instinctively loved. I wonder if . . . it may not be that architecture, as the word has been understood since the Renaissance, is now virtually a closed book and if the architecture of the future will be a kind of industrial designing—fine and elegant, exquisitely convenient, but impermanent, impersonal, classless and of low emotional content. If that proves to be the case, then the retention of the ancient, from Stonehenge to the Albert Memorial, from hut settlements to model villages, may take on an even more striking significance than it does today

continued from page 302

so making it possible for objections to be lodged and considered.

An unscheduled building has neither of these small advantages so, without the necessity of having to give notice to the Ministry, a "developer" can often have a handsome Georgian or Regency house down before anyone has a chance to cry "Vandal!"

More often than not the reprieve of a threatened house, "scheduled" or "unscheduled," will depend on the amount of public feeling that can be raised. But even where a preservation order is made, there is no real power to enforce it.

The impotence of the Ministry in the face of determined opposition was exposed in the case of Fulham Grange. In 1951 Fulham Borough Council proposed to pull down this early 18th-century house, which had been the home of the pioneer novelist Samuel Richardson and of the artist Burne-Jones. The idea was to make room for flats. After protests and discussions that went on for months a preservation order was made and confirmed by Mr. Macmillan, then Housing Minister, in 1954. But this was not the end. . . . Soon there were complaints that the Grange was being allowed to become derelict. To these the Council replied that it was their statutory obligation not to interfere with the building. Since they were not allowed to pull it down they would let it fall down! Local hooligans helped them with the job and by 1956 the District Surveyor was able to pronounce the house "dangerous." In the following year a new Minister of Housing, Mr. Henry Brooke, "regretfully consented" to its demolition.

So we see that it is not always a private speculator who is the "villain." Behind the proposal to demolish the "scheduled" Coal Exchange is the Corporation of the City of London. The building has to go, we are

continued overleaf



FRANKLAND DARK is a leading modern architect. He is shown explaining plans for a circular air-conditioned house. He says:

Too much sentimental irrelevance is discussed about ancient buildings because the patina of time gives a false aura of charm, skin-deep, on structures which otherwise have no justification for retention. . . .

What, however, must be avoided, is the demolition of fine old buildings capable of preservation in exchange for atrocious "neo-period" rubbish—which now abounds in all our cities. . . . Sir Kenneth Clark informed his millions of A.T.V. viewers that architecture is dead; merely empty shells. The shock impact of the Le Corbusier exhibition immediately dispels any such notion. Modern architecture has arrived at the age of struggling poetic youth . . . what it must have is wholehearted encouragement.



HOW LONDON COULD LOOK:

NEW BUILDINGS unfortunately are rarely so handsome as these—hence much of the support for old ones. Above: *The Indian Students' House* by Ralph Tubbs. Left: *Hallfield Estate, Paddington*, by Fry, Drew, Drake & Lasdun (the L.C.C.'s *Hallfield Primary School* is in the foreground)

tion, were aptly described by Margot Asquith as "liver-coloured and squalid."

The perfect, small Georgian houses in Yeoman's Row, on the other hand, are occupied by happy tenants and their exteriors still have their original charm. But "charm" is not a scheduled virtue, and so they are to come down to make way for—believe it or not—a row of *pseudo*-Georgian houses, some grotesque specimens of which may already be seen in the street.

This is folly comparable only with that of the Grosvenor Estate which, having allowed all but one of the genuine Georgian houses in Grosvenor Square to be destroyed, insists that everything new in the square must be in so-called neo-Georgian style.

Indeed, those who weep over the loss of historic buildings are usually shedding at least half their tears in anger at the characterless monstrosities to which they are giving way.

Given a new architectural renaissance and some noble, integrated plan of reconstruction, people might be content with the preservation of only the finest antique buildings as museum pieces. They might accept the necessity for change and even welcome the adventure of fine new construction. Until then the statutory schedule should be revised by a much broader body of opinion and then be backed by law and money to give absolute protection to all listed buildings. The saving in arguing time alone would be worth a fortune.

continued from overleaf

told, to make room for road widening.

But later this month the Corporation is to discuss a proposal made by Mr. Betjeman, that the widening could be achieved simply by cutting off part of the back of the Customs House (another scheduled building). So, to quote a Corporation spokesman:

"The demolition is temporarily in abeyance. The Corporation is well and truly conscious of what the Coal Exchange represents and it is very loath to take this thing down. On the other hand there are more immediate and pressing problems, not the least of which is traffic congestion. We have to be practical about these problems. The building is no longer used as a coal exchange. What function does it serve?"

Often the object of the outcry may well be unworthy, for there are as many advocates of indiscriminate preservation as there are of indiscriminate demolition.

But every new case exposes the idiocy of the present state of affairs.

The decision by the Government to spend the enormous sum of £400,000 to give "a major structural overhaul" to numbers 10, 11 & 12 Downing Street contrasts harshly with the behaviour of the London County Council in upholding the demolition of Yeoman's Row. Few buildings of historical interest provide a better case for their own demolition than No. 10 which at no time seems to have been a worthy home for a Prime Minister. The ghosts of all its former tenants would probably vote *en bloc* for the completely new house that a third of £400,000 would buy.

"Downing Street," Sir Winston Churchill has said, "consists of houses 250 years old, shaky and lightly built by the profiteering contractor whose name they bear."

Their exteriors, which are "as far as possible to be retained" in the reconstruc-



Conte Theo Rossi di Montelera (Turin) with Mr. Stavros Niarchos (the shipowner) at the Corviglia Club



Sir Gordon & Lady Vereker watched the bobsleigh championships. They are in France



On the run: Fitt./Lt. Colin Mitchell, who won both the Curzon Cup and the World Championship

On the

CRESTA

run at St. Moritz:

THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP AND
THE CURZON CUP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY Dr. R. H. SCHLOSS



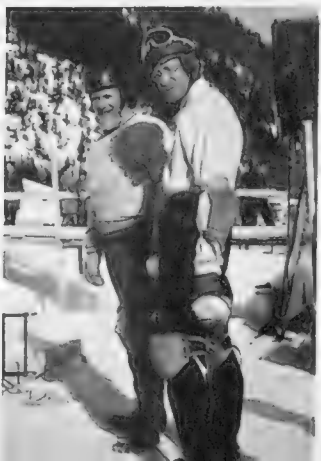
R. Craig came sixth in the Curzon Cup race



Lord Bingham (the Earl of Lucan's heir) competed in the World Championship



Top, right: Miss Vivienne Burness with Mr. Tony Slesinger



Right: Mr. Brodie McDonald and Mr. Tony Spicer



Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza with her baby daughter, Francesca

*Sir John Anderson
(writer and lecturer
on the philosophy of
thought) wore a dinner
jacket of his own
design*



THE WINTER BALL

*At the Dorchester to help
Tory organizers in London*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



Lady Colman (her husband was ball treasurer) with Lady Poole. The ball helps pay the salaries of Conservative women organizers in London



Miss Zara Heber-Percy (stepdaughter of Lord Poole) with Mr. David Jarrett (a Hertford Young Conservative)



Sir George & Lady Seel. Sir George is Senior Crown Agent for Overseas Government and Administration



Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter (wife of the Minister of Pensions) with Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Newall



Mrs. Reginald Maudling (wife of the Paymaster-General) in conversation with Captain Alexander Glen



Lady (Elena) Bennett read a welcome from Viscount Hailsham. On the left: Sir Nigel Colman and Mrs. Henry Brooke (wife of the Housing Minister)



Miss Eileen Tulloch and Sir James Waterlow. He is a director of the Imperial Paper Mills Company



Mrs. Gerald Williams with Wing Commander Osmond Davis, chairman of the Tonbridge Division of the Kent Conservative Association



Lord & Lady Melchett. Above, left: The Duke & Duchess of Leeds. The première opened the Columbia Theatre. It is London's first new cinema for 20 years



Viscount Lewisham was among the guests at the première

M. Maurice Chevalier, one of the stars of *Gigi*



Desmond O'N III

AROUND TOWN

*The Gigi première at the
Columbia Theatre (above)*

*Cruft's Dog Show
at Olympia (below)*



Van Hallan

Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay's international champion chihuahua, Seggieden Tiny Mite, and his carrying box

The best of 13,000: Supreme Champion of Cruft's, Welsh terrier Sandstorm Saracen, owned by Mrs. M. M. Thomas & Mrs. D. M. Leach, best non-sporting dog (Mrs. Price-Jones's poodle, Frenches Honeysuckle), best gun-dog (Mr. & Mrs. G. Cairns' labrador, Ch. Ruler of Blaircourt)

VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

A man who reaped the whirlwind

THEATRE
by Anthony
Cookman

WHEN someone speaks to me with starry-eyed enthusiasm about a play admitted to be not a good play I am not put off; but a great many people are. They suspect they are being recommended another person's cup of tea that they are pretty certain to find unpalatable. I risk, all the same, suggesting as well worth while a visit to the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, where a young and enterprising company have put on *Danton's Death*, an historical tragedy highly respected in Europe, not unknown in America but not before produced professionally in this country.

I had better make plain straight away why you can reasonably decline the invitation with thanks. It is a German play written in the thirties of the last century by Georg Büchner, a genius who died a disillusioned revolutionary at the age of 24. He left unfinished a realistic tragedy called *Wozzeck*, now better known in its operatic form as an astonishing anticipation of Freudian psychology. All this is daunting enough, and it must also be added that *Danton's Death* is not a good play.

It is not a good play for the curious reason that the author apparently was writing a film long before the cosmic process had got round to Hollywood. The staccato scenes by means of which he analyses the French Revolution in terms of the men who created it cry for a camera to smooth them out. They are altogether too jerky for the stage. They force the imagination to work unfairly hard. We are always having to make fresh starts from an unexpected angle.

Yet—these somewhat damaging admissions made—I still think you will get from this faulty old drama a clearer and a more exciting idea of how revolutions work in the modern world than from any other better-made and more up-to-date study. Büchner was less concerned than his contemporaries to draw a moral from history than to understand how historical events came to happen, but, as much as any of his contemporaries, he worshipped Shakespeare and did his best to draw his characters on the Shakespearean scale.

The boldness of his Danton he takes from history; the inner complexity comes from Hamlet. His theme is the nervous strain on great men who have loosed events that are dragging them at too great

a pace for the human mind and body to sustain.

The play shows the stage of the revolution at which Danton, once the rallying force on the Committee of Public Safety, has sickened of the blood bath for which he has been responsible. He is relaxing in dissipation, confident that Robespierre dare not attack him. His friends who have retired with him are not so sure. For Robespierre is bound to see this group as potential counter-revolutionaries. The Revolution cannot afford to abandon terror as its motive force, and the action begins as he is getting ready to strike at his old associates. Danton is warned, but his friends despair of a leader whose active nature seems to be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of doubt. His dalliance with women and drink would seem to be a commonplace case of failure of nerve if his mind were not ceaselessly active with the question of his own responsibility for the Terror.

When at last he is stirred into action it is less because he is alive at last to his own danger than because he has resolved his inner doubts. With "Better to be guillotined than to guillotine" he leaps into action—but it is too late. His fiery eloquence directed over the heads of his judges is almost their undoing, but means are found to undermine his position, and in the Conciergerie he is the prey to black claustrophobic broodings on the corruption and boredom of power and revolutionary politics, and on the nature of death, while still continuing to give the companions he has led to disaster the moral leadership they expect from him. It is a singularly coherent portrait of a man whose contradictory elements add up to greatness and whose death is a moving thing.

Mr. Patrick Wymark well conveys the contained, ironic intelligence which binds the contradictory elements together. Mr. Patrick McGoohan is impressive as Robespierre's *éminence grise*, but Mr. Harold Lang as Robespierre himself attempts a subtlety of characterization which just misses the mark. Mr. Caspar Wrede's direction, although in many ways admirable, also tries for a little too much, but the final Grand Guignol scene of the executions comes off triumphantly.

The nightmare world of Goya

AT THE BEGINNING of my week's most unnerving, profoundly tragic and fearful book is a picture of its creator, pale and bewhiskered under a black top hat, looking at the world balefully out of the corner of a black and appalled eye. It is Goya, and the book is an edition of his *Complete Etchings*, with a foreword by Aldous Huxley.

Here, if you already find the world a dark and alarming place, are horrors you may not yet have thought of. Here are grotesques, dwarfs and demons, vain hags before mirrors, huge winged figures of nightmare, drunken priests, corpse-faces, vulture-faces, greedy faces half-human half-beast, struggling figures falling to destruction, evil pretty women, men debased by their own natures. The coolest, most detached pictures in the book are the bullfighting series, the greatest the series called "The Disasters Of War," a prolonged and unforgettable, terrible, cry of rage and horror.

All the etchings were published between the artist's 54th and 74th year. They are an extraordinary record of the darkest nightmares of the mind, full of fear, pain and loneliness, and an



Robespierre
(Harold Lang)
who hounds
Danton to his
death on the
guillotine

THE PLAY:
Danton's Death
Patrick Wymark
Patrick McGoohan
Harold Lang

Danton
(Patrick Wymark)
takes time off from
politics to dally
with Marion
(Penelope Horner)



BOOKS
by Siriol
Hugh-Jones

continued
overleaf

anger against human bestiality, stupidity and cruelty that takes you by the throat.

To return to writing—and a vision of a small, enclosed, curious world that seems to me almost as black and bleak as Goya's, but with a very different surface dazzle and smoothness. Simon Raven's novel *The Feathers Of Death* is about some singularly unhappy and nasty events linking a group of officers and men of Martock's Foot, a most bizarre regiment invented by Mr. Raven and posted to subdue the rebels in a mythical Crown colony. The events include a love-affair between a lieutenant and a drummer (trumpeters are confusingly called drummers in Martocks' Foot), a violent death, and a full-scale court martial. Mr. Raven has created a remarkably unpleasant world made up of cruelty, gentlemanly code-behaviour, elegance, worldliness, and the importance of the right kind of food and drink and the proper attitude towards gambling. For all I know, it may be strictly representational of some still existing rum section of the army—all that bothers me is that I cannot be quite sure whether Mr. Raven is for it or against it.

Martock's Foot, eccentric and arrogantly fossilized, is a brilliant and weird invention. It is commanded by Lt.-Col. Lord Nicholas Sanvoisin. "We had none of the prying into mess bills," says the narrator, "complaints about gambling, or investigations of sexual morals so common in the dowdier regiments. In all matters, moral or otherwise, our standards, I like to think, were liberal, tolerant, civilized and worldly. . . ." And again, "Liberal was what we claimed to be in Martock's Foot, I thought, liberal, detached and ironic—with an irony that was directed equally against the upholders and the transgressors of the moral law, should either class behave with too much absurdity." Martock's Foot wears a plume of feathers of royal purple (the feathers of death) in the busby that goes with full dress, and the regimental motto is "My will be done"—which I take to be roughly what the book is about.

Taking colour from its title, the whole book seems to me to give off a faint, fishy glow of morbidity. It conveys a deep chill, and a light, bright shiver of madness. I have no doubts at all about Mr. Raven's sure-footed, dazzling skill as a writer. The puzzle is where he stands in relation to the grisly code of Martock's Foot (which is beginning to sound to me more and more like some dread, incurable affliction, and perhaps was meant to).

Briefly. . . Mr. Brian Glanville, a lively and admirably productive novelist—he is still only 28, and here comes his fifth novel—has returned to Italy for the setting of *After Rome, Africa*, a thriller-type story, expert and persuasive, involving an English journalist, a kidnapping, the Mafia, and a town in Calabria. Mr. Glanville is always entertaining, always smooth company; and always I have the nagging feeling he ought to be doing something more important, something bigger. Which is very ungrateful, considering how agreeably *After Rome, Africa* whiles away the time. . .

Penguins have brought out two excellent new volumes: a fascinating, fully illustrated book called *Lascaux, Paintings And Engravings*, by Annette Laming, and a new translation by Robert Baldick of Huysmans' *A Rebours*, here titled *Against Nature*. *A Rebours* caused a furore in its time, and I deeply treasure Des Esseintes, its jaded hero frantically teetering on the brink of total exhaustion, the Decadent to end them all. He has a "mouth organ" of little liqueur barrels on which he composes symphonies of taste, keeps a gilded tortoise, its shell encrusted with precious stones (the poor humble creature dies under the



Mrs. Wilfred Fienburgh with Mr. Kenneth Robinson, M.P., at a party given to launch *No Love For Johnny* by the late Wilfred Fienburgh, M.P.

unnatural strain of trying to live up to its decoration) and has gorgeous but unsatisfactory love-affairs with a ventriloquist and a strapping American lady—a trapezist called Miss Urania who has muscles of steel but turns out to be a bore. Parts of *Against Nature* are heavy going, but for the most part this classic tale of fabulous and sensitive depravity makes me laugh till I cry. The translation, no easy task, seemed to me admirable.

Ever-green boulevardier

BASED on the Colette story, wittily directed by Mr. Vincente Minnelli, exquisitely decorated by Mr. Cecil Beaton and hung about with ingratiating songs by Messrs. (*My Fair Lady*) Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, *Gigi* provides two hours of ravishing entertainment—presided over with consummate elegance by the youngest and most charming septuagenarian in the world, M. Maurice Chevalier. It must in no circumstances be missed.

Gigi (Mlle. Leslie Caron), a teenage tomboy of the year 1900, lives in Paris with her grandmother (Miss Hermione Gingold): she is the youngest member of a family whose women are not the marrying kind and it is tacitly assumed that she, too, will follow the primrose path and take her place among the fêted and fabulous cocottes of her era.

With this in mind, Gigi's aunt (Miss Isabel Jeans) instructs her in the social graces and the arts of pouring coffee, eating ortolans, recognizing really valuable jewels and choosing cigars: I do not think anybody but Miss Jeans could conduct these lessons with such complete aplomb, grace and acerbity.

Though she applies herself diligently to her studies, Gigi remains a gay and uninhibited child. Her high spirits captivate the richest and most eligible bachelor in Paris, M. Louis Jourdan, a handsome fellow but bored almost to extinction with the enviable life he leads and the women he knows. To Gigi, he is just an old friend of the family, to be teased and checked and cheated at cards: this he finds enormously refreshing—and he does not seem to realize that Gigi is growing up, until her grandmother, in tones vibrant with respectability, draws his attention to this disturbing fact.

CINEMA
by Elspeth Grant

THE BOOKS:

The complete etchings of Goya
(Wingate, 2 gns.)

The feathers of death
by Simon Raven
(Blond, 15s.)

After Rome, Africa
by Brian Glanville
(Secker & Warburg, 13s. 6d.)

Lascaux, paintings & engravings
by Annette Laming
(Pelican, 5s.)

Against nature
by J. K. Huysmans
(Penguin Classics, 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Jourdan's fine eyes are opened. He sees that he is in love with Gigi. Grandmother and aunt are eager to know what he intends to do about it. His proposal—not one of marriage, of course, but to install her in a ménage in every way worthy of a millionaire's mistress—is considered satisfactory: the only trouble is that Gigi, visualizing a future of being passed from hand to hand until reaching the age of retirement, does not want to accept it.

The story, introduced on the happiest note by M. Chevalier, who plays M. Jourdan's jaunty, boulevardier uncle, has the happiest of endings—and we shall not quarrel over this though, as I recall, there was rather more cynicism about Colette's original. Mlle. Caron makes the transition from bouncing romp to poised young womanhood most beautifully—but it's age that steals the picture: M. Chevalier singing "I'm glad I'm not young any more" was given a great spontaneous round of applause by the critics—a very rare thing among these crabbed characters, but in my view fully deserved.

Gulley Jimson, the central figure in *The Horse's Mouth*—the film somewhat precariously based on Mr. Joyce Cary's novel—is a rascally, derelict, wilful old painter who is so convinced of his own artistic genius that he feels entitled to behave just any way he pleases. The woods are full of people like this—especially around Chelsea. They have usually evolved some unique style of painting and are full of contempt for those who don't "see" it—which is rather like inventing a new language and then being hopping mad because nobody understands it.

I never cared much for Gulley Jimson as a character, but at least in the novel he had sudden flashes of insight—sunbursts, it almost seemed, of inspiration so that he was at least not inconsiderable. As played by Sir Alec Guinness, he lacks the real depth: he stirs one to laughter but not to compassion. The Beeders (Mr. Robert Coote and Miss Veronica Turleigh), the amiable millionaires whose flat Gulley wrecks and whose furniture he pawns, have been reduced to figures of fun, which is a little unfair—and Coker (Miss Kay Walsh) the barmaid who tries to straighten Gulley out, fails to enlist any sympathy for herself, which is unfortunate.

Mr. Ernest Thesiger, as the art dealer whom Gulley pursues with quite uncalled-for menaces, is about as one visualized him—but the person who seems to me to be, if I may say so, right in the skin of her part is Miss Renee Houston, as Gulley's plump, sly "ex-wife" clinging in middle-age and out of vanity to the portrait he painted of her in the nude when she was young. Perhaps my mistake was to read Mr. Cary's book: I have to confess that a number of persons in my neighbourhood appeared to enjoy the film far more than I did.

In *Passport To Shame*, a lurid, cliché-riddled yarn which is quite funny in spots (not intentionally), innocent Mlle. Odile Versois is lured from France to London where Mr. Herbert Lom, who runs a couple of brothels, proposes to make her over into a high-priced prostitute: her clientele, he promises her, shall be nothing less than "a visiting diplomat, a cabinet minister . . ."—but somehow the idea just doesn't appeal to Mlle. Versois.

Miss Diana Dors, as one of Mr. Lom's friendlier young ladies, and Mr. Eddie Constantine, a muscular taxi-driver, succeed, with the assistance of a score of other taxi-drivers and the fire brigade, in saving Mlle. Versois from a fate worse than death. Her agent should now get busy on saving her from making any more films of this calibre.

Can jazz-players hit the jackpot?

I AM OFTEN ASKED, sometimes in a veiled way, whether jazz pays. I usually counter, Joad-like, by depending what is meant by jazz or paying! Many people, not only musicians, make a living out of jazz today although the count would not be as big as it was 20 or 30 years ago, if one assesses the United States as the main source of employment. In England the number in pre-war years was negligible, but today there are a great number of musicians who make a part-living out of jazz. They spend the rest of their time in the amiable confines of broadcasting studios, playing for the amusement of the hordes of housewives catered for by the daytime "steam" radio.

To be commercially successful one must either have the public acclaim of Armstrong or Ellington, who can virtually play as they please to their present-day audiences, or one must devise some compromise style which meets the demand for sophisticated or popular approach to the basic problem of playing jazz.

Today the matter is largely taken out of the hands of the band leaders and put into the professional claws of the promoter, the publicity hound, and other mysterious characters in the system of public entertainment. Sometimes a group will appear, content to mould its style round one specific job—one specialized audience, perhaps—and meets with great acclaim for its "concessions" to the job. Such a description could be applied to the fantastic rise to fame of Jonah Jones, whose work has been familiar to me for as long as I have listened to jazz. As a trumpeter he grew up in the tradition of the Deep South, working the riverboats on the Mississippi in his youth.

Later he played with Horace Henderson and Jimmie Lunceford, but his best-known work was with Stuff Smith in New York, thereafter spending 10 years with Cab Calloway. A spell on the Continent in 1954 was his first introduction to Europe. Jonah's work is strongly influenced by Armstrong of the 1930-32 period, but he has lately concentrated on muted work. This fact may have influenced his choice as leader of a quartet which has enjoyed a long and successful run at New York's "The Embers," a plushy night-club place which for many years enforced a "piano trio only" rule. The trumpeter's incisive style must have shattered a few calms on his opening night. Today his name is a byword of sophisticated jazz interpretation.

Those who get aboard the band wagon may have a precarious ride, but the survival of the fittest is usually the rule. Earl Bostic followed a similar upbringing and early career to that of Jonah Jones, except that he chose the clarinet and later the tenor saxophone as his instruments. One or two critics have praised his work in the past, and his latest album, a rocking compilation of hits from the early forties, deserves attention, if only for its uncomplicated approach. Less than two years ago Bostic's work would have been classified as rock 'n' roll. It has that accentuated beat which the undiscerning would dismiss as tasteless; but though the music does not overflow with taste, it has those essential ingredients that make for enjoyable jazz, while still retaining that simplicity which apparently spells commercial success.

RECORDS

by Gerald
Lascelles

THE RECORDS:

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Glenn Miller
Marcellous Miller Moods
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R.C.A. RD27096

Duke Ellington
Duke's Place
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Lionel Hampton
Gold Standard Series
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45 r.p.m. 6s. 7½d.
Vogue V2409

THE FILMS:

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Maurice Chevalier
Louis Jordan
dr. Vincente Minnelli

The horse's mouth

Alec Guinness
Kay Walsh
Renee Houston
dr. Ronald Neame

Passport to shame

Odile Versois
Diana Dors
Herbert Lom
Eddie Constantine
dr. Alvin Rakoff
("X" Certificate)

For day wear
by Charles Duraye



BEAUTY

Making a good start

by JEAN CLELAND



Above: Two for
evening by Scotts



By Richard
Henry of
London & Rome



Two views of
Riché's
Breath of Spring

THRILLING AS THE prospect of coming out and embarking on a first season must be to most young girls, it cannot be wholly devoid of anxiety. "No path is so beset with pitfalls, heartburnings and heartbreaks, as the path which takes one's first steps into the social sea," says Ernestine Carter in an article in the latest edition of *Junior Miss*, the magazine for the Teen-Age Club.

I have quoted from this article because it is full of common sense. The same can be said of much else in this excellent little book which has come on to the bookstalls when it is most wanted.

Junior Miss is issued by Yardley's and edited by Mary Foster (otherwise Olive Cato). It was started during the war with the idea of teaching teen-agers how to choose and buy the type of creams and lotions best suited to their skin. The club, which began with a small number of members, can now claim 15,000, not to mention the 22,000 graduates.

Success of the club and its magazine emanates from the top, from Mary Foster herself, whose warmth permeates it. "My deepest satisfaction," she writes to her members, "comes from the hundreds of every-

day letters I get, just telling me of your own little problems and ideas. My 'family' is just like a real family." Knowing Mary Foster as I do, I feel sure this is true.

In *Junior Miss*, débutantes and indeed all teen-agers, will find much to help them. There is a simple and reliable daily routine for beauty, dealing with all types of skin.

Best and most helpful of all is the *Primer of Etiquette*, which is done with a delightfully light touch. Here are some of the things it says:

Charm: "Very powerful stuff. A smile opens more doors than a frown."

Grooming: "You owe this to others, aside from your own self-respect."

Make-Up: "Strictly speaking, only at your dressing table. Properly put on, it should not be in need of constant repairs."

Arrogance: "Not you surely? Why? What's so wonderful about you?"

There are also useful hints on addressing letters, tipping, and introductions.

I talked with Olive Cato (Mary Foster) who has just returned from America where Yardley's are increasing their activities in a big way, and asked if American teen-agers used more make-up than English ones.

"No, I would not say so," said Mrs. Cato, "but I think they take more trouble to use it properly, and to learn how to apply it skilfully. When a party of young girls (sponsored by the American Tourist Bureau) comes to London shortly one of the main items in their itinerary is a visit to Yardley's salon for a facial, and a lesson in make-up. They are particularly anxious for this, because they all freely admit to envying the English girls' complexions. We are making special arrangements for them, and are looking forward to having them."

Hair styles are always of the greatest importance, and the ones shown on this page have been specially designed for débutantes.



BRIGGS by Graham



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The up-to-lunchtime look

Charles Creed's suit of slate grey and mossgreen checks (*left*) is given the biggest possible belt to celebrate the return of the waist. Note the sloping shoulders following into the natural line of the arm, three-quarter length sleeves, the skirt just covering the knee.

Owen Hyde-Clarke of Worth fastens the jacket of this light navy suit (*centre*) with a single button to show the crimson cummerbund beneath and mounts his skirt on a camisole top. Note again three-quarter length sleeves and severely tailored revers; the just-over-the-knee hemline.

Michael's top coat in a light tan tweed woven with a white fleck has his characteristic wide tubular sleeves just covering the elbow. Note the high set pockets, the important collar. With the coat is worn a straight matching skirt and a white silk shirt blouse



THE LONDON COLLECTIONS *continued*

At the ball—a romantic revival



Interpretations of London's romantic revival are pictured below from left to right. **John Cavanagh's** ball gown is of blue nylon organdie layered with white. The bodice is encrusted with Swiss embroidery scattering down on to the skirt and a crinoline effect is achieved by a series of built-in petticoats. **Victor Stiebel's** classic dress of white silk chiffon embroidered with crystals and diamanté has a high bustline edged with wedgwood blue satin ribbon. **Norman Hartnell's** sweeping crinoline is swathed with gossamer fine pure silk pink tulle. **Michael Sherard's** high-waisted dress is made of Ascher's *Giselle*, a feather-weight pure silk printed with exotic pink and orange roses



THE LONDON COLLECTIONS *continued*

Dressing to a dateline



Choices for the big events of the débutante's calendar are pictured below from left to right. For Ascot: **Norman Hartnell's** silk taffeta dress printed with a grey pattern on white. Full-skirted, belted and with three-quarter sleeves it is worn with **Claude St. Cyr's** matching grey and white feather hat. For Glyndebourne: **Mattli's** dress of white pure silk jersey in which the folds of the draped skirt slot through the belt. Designed to be worn with a coat (not shown here) of peacock blue wild silk. For Trooping the Colour: **Ronald Paterson's** sleeveless V-necked dress in tomato wool worn with a cape-like jacket which buttons down the back and is cut short to show the accentuated waistline. For May Week: **Hardy Amies'** short dance dress of layers of white nylon tulle, the high small waist swathed with pale yellow satin



IT COULD BE FOR YOU . . .

In a début with brilliance



Brilliant as summer sunshine, the flower prints on this dress and jacket by California Cottons compete boldly with the background of bright posters for *West Side Story*. *Right:* The dress and jacket complete. The jacket is softly bloused into a wide band at the hips and the outfit is topped by a beret in apricot stitched organza from Jenny Fischer's Boutique Collection, price 4½ gns. *Above:* Chita Rivera, one of the principal dancers in the musical, photographed with the sheath dress, worn here with a veiling hat spattered with white petals. From Jenny Fischer, price: about 3½ gns. (Also in other colours.) Multiple-strand pearl and gilt necklace and the bracelet are by Jewellcraft. Dress and jacket are obtainable at Hunt's, New Bond Street; Owen Owen, Liverpool, and Books, Sunderland, price: about £5 19s. 6d. The pictures were taken in the theatre ticket and agency office of Michael Kent (of the Abbey Box Office) in Pall Mall



From *Halcyon Days*, 9 Avery Row, Brook Street, comes this idea (below) of an electric table bell in heavy onyx set in ornate ormolu. One of several designs, it costs about £6 10s. This shop is full of imaginative ideas as well as some exquisite antiques



Right: Two tall rose or fruit bowls, one in pale blue and white, the other in deep blue and white. By Aldermaston Pottery (£2 11s. each). They come from *New Ideas*, 21 Lower Belgrave Street, S.W.1, a shop full of everything that appeals to the eye in arts and crafts. The selection of pottery, jewellery, glass, wood and ironware, cushions and hand-made toys is all in contemporary style. Prices are reasonable and many of the articles are exclusive to *New Ideas*



Some gorgeous headscarves designed by the Italian, Falconetto, are at Liberty's. This one, with a cock in the centre, is in varying shades of brown. It is in pure silk (£4 10s.) but it and other designs come in silk chiffon (£3 19s. 6d.). Other scarves by Falconetto include hand-printed ones in tones of brown or in brilliant peacock and shocking pink



Counter spy

on the trail of new twists
to familiar themes

Photographs by NEIL PEPPÉ (at Hanway Studios)

Cecil Cunild, who was the first in Europe to produce the Venetian aluminium blind as we know it today, has produced for 'Sunway' blinds a new supporting web. This makes a revolutionary change, for the drawback of Venetian blinds was always the too wide supporting tapes, which made cleaning and dusting so tiresome. The new tapes are so narrow they are nearly invisible, yet strong enough to swing on (they are made of Terylene). Another advantage is that more light can enter the room. Sunway blinds come in 20 different shades, are made-to-measure to ensure exact fit for the windows, and are obtainable from most leading stores throughout the country. Delivery takes between seven days to a fortnight. A special

wool brush with a handle is provided with each blind for cleaning.

Conran Fabrics have obtained exclusive wholesale rights to import fabrics designed by the gifted young Finn, Timo Sarpaneva. The fabrics are all in woven cotton, and are startlingly simple in design. The pattern is huge squares or varying widths of vertical and horizontal stripes in nature-like earthy browns, greys and greens or in vivid colours such as violet, Chinese blue and scarlet. The width of these enormous designs is five feet, and the material only costs 21s. per yard from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. They are not only excellent for curtains, but for tablecloths and bedspreads, too.

Minette Shepard

LANCÔME

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By **MARCUS**

MOTORING

Exit the wheel . . .

by GORDON WILKINS

THE wheel is sometimes cited as the most important invention in history and it is difficult to see how civilization could have advanced without it—but restless inventors are now exploring ways of doing just that. At the Chicago Motor Show, Ford showed model vehicles which ride on a cushion of air instead of wheels. Called Glideairs, they are the invention of Mr. Andrew Kucher, the firm's vice-president for Engineering & Research. He is looking forward to a new era of land transport at speeds between 200 and 500 miles an hour, where the wheel will have reached the limit of its capabilities. His answer is the "levapad," which supports the vehicle a fraction of an inch above the road surface on tiny jets of

air. The vehicle slides along, using the air as a lubricant.

But if there are no wheels to go round, how does the float-on-air car drive itself along? By jet reaction. It looks therefore as if the wheelless car must await the arrival of the gas turbine, and life is certainly not going to be agreeable in traffic blocks.

Ford have constructed a triangular airborne scooter attached to a compressed air line and people have been happily sliding along office corridors on it. They also have a three-foot model of a Glideair car connected to an air line, but I do not think we shall see cars without wheels for a long time yet. Levapads only work efficiently on smooth surfaces and even the best roads can break

up unexpectedly.

Rail travel seems to offer greater possibilities and a streamlined coach suspended from an overhead rail has been suggested. The air jets would support the weight of the coach and hold it away from the sides of the rail, cutting down rubbing friction. A Ford engineer said:

"Our calculations show that about 50 horsepower will be required to levitate one ton of weight. Once free of the roadbed, however, it will take only about 40 additional horsepower to move it at 100 miles an hour."

He claimed that a Glideair vehicle travelling at 400 m.p.h. would require only half the horsepower used by an aeroplane of the same weight travelling at the same speed



The airborne scooter constructed by Ford

. . . Enter the roundabout

COMING BACK FROM VISIONS OF THE FUTURE to the problems of the present, the Island People (that lost tribe who descend from the hills at night to litter the highways with road blocks and booby traps) seem to have scored another success.

Complaints are sometimes made of the speed of vehicles on the wide, straight highway out of Cheltenham towards Gloucester but it was revealed recently that accidents there are negligible and not one pedestrian has been injured in a year. Accidents are concentrated at the two roundabouts at the Cheltenham end.

I imagine the Island People must have decided to act at once, for in no time a new roundabout of most unusual shape appeared between the other two. Now trunk road traffic between London and South Wales has to squirm in single file round three complex obstructions in a quarter of a mile.

The Borough Surveyor claimed it had all been planned in advance. "Emergence of traffic from side roads was causing a problem and there was fear of a serious accident," said he. There wasn't long to wait. The serious accident happened about four days after the roundabout was built and a couple of weeks later a six-wheeled truck overturned while trying to bend itself round the next roundabout a few yards away.

The photograph shows how traffic coming from Gloucester and South Wales towards London is sent swerving round the projection at the top, but it does not show the cunningly sited promontory which juts out, at this point, with a big new lamppost just asking to be knocked down. At the opposite end is a rare refinement in the form of a Keep Right sign perfectly placed to lure strangers into head-on collision with traffic coming down a two-way street.



Puzzle corner: The Cheltenham "roundabout"

Says the Borough Surveyor: "What we are doing is in the nature of an experiment."

I hear that the Pinkwell Junction, Nympsfield & Wookey Hole branch of the National Union of Railwaymen is proposing to offer honorary life membership to Cheltenham's popular mayor in recognition of the town's services in disrupting road traffic between London and South Wales.

"Road accidents are now such a national calamity that no preventive measure can be ignored, however irksome it may be to a minority." This theme or something like it can usually be heard in Parliament whenever some new restriction is being placed on owners and drivers of motor vehicles. At other times, the House finds it possible to take a more cheerful view.

Two members recently drew attention to accidents where vehicles had been overturned through collision with animals straying on the highway, but the Government insisted that there is no obligation on occupiers of land to prevent animals from escaping. One member, quoting accidents involving straying horses, provoked this hilarious

exchange, as reported in *The Times*:

Sir R. Manningham-Buller said that the question related to horses straying on to the highway and not to runaway horses (*laughter*). It was a very different thing.

MR. JAMES GRIFFITHS.—If the horses were running away, what were they doing if not straying?

SIR R. MANNINGHAM-BULLER.—There are horses which run away without straying (*renewed laughter*).

No one can be expected to fence in the whole Scottish Highlands, but the problem in more populous areas cannot be ignored for ever. Some years ago I lived near a farm from which horses were continually straying. Drivers and motor-cyclists had a bad time trying to dodge them. Local authorities could help by making more use of the powers they already have to require owners to keep dogs on a lead on trunk roads.

Nearly 600 fatal and serious accidents a year arise through collisions between vehicles and animals on the highway. I doubt if the relatives of the victims can see the joke.

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P54B

DINING IN

Such elegant crustaceans

by HELEN BURKE

IT WOULD BE a pity to let the season of scallops pass without remarking on them—those elegant shellfish looking as if they had been garnered from the warm south seas instead of from our own shores, as far north as Lossiemouth. Their shaded, biscuit-coloured, fan-shaped, rippled shells hold a milky-white flesh and a tongue as orange-coloured as a tangerine. Both are edible, and only the black (intestinal) lines need be removed.

Scallops deserve to be much more popular than they are. I feel that one of the reasons why they are not is that they are so uncomfortable to eat the way they are usually served in restaurants—the deep shells slip about on one's plate in an alarming manner. It is a pity, too, that they are not sold unopened because so much of their good flavour is lost. One could, of course, buy them closed and, having washed and scraped them, steam them as we do mussels or place them, deep shell downwards, on a hot surface so that they would open by themselves. The snag seems to be that we want to see how big they are.

When buying scallops, ask for them in their deep shells, if they are to be served in them, or ignore these shells altogether and buy scallop-shaped heat-proof porcelain or glass dishes.

But why use individual dishes at all? The best scallops I ever tasted were cooked by an old lady who scorned this "nonsense" and served them from a shallow entrée dish, either with creamy whipped potatoes or dry-as-for-curry rice.

Scallops to be served in any sauce should, in common with mussels and oysters, be poached for the minimum of time—a few minutes—especially as they often have to be warmed up again. As for mussels, there is a basic preparation for all creamed scallops. Having cleaned the tongues, cut the white parts into three to five pieces, depending on their size, and allow two small or 1½ large scallops per serving.

For 8 to 12 scallops, have ready in a small pan one oz. butter, a finely chopped small onion

(if desired), a sprig of thyme, a small piece of bay leaf, a bruised stalk of parsley and ¼ pint dry white wine. When this mixture comes to the boil, drop the scallops into it, lower the heat, cover tightly and poach.

Meanwhile, in another pan, simmer nearly one oz. flour in one oz. butter, without colouring it. Remove and stir in the liquid from the scallops. Add enough thin cream to make a nice sauce. Taste and season. The addition of an egg yolk beaten with a tablespoon of cream makes simple creamed scallops.

If you have opened a can of sweet red peppers for another dish, a chopped one stirred into the sauce makes a pleasing addition. Or turn the dish into *Scallops Mornay* by adding a tablespoonful each of grated Parmesan and Gruyère cheese to the sauce. Spoon enough of it into a shallow entrée dish. Arrange the cooked scallops on top. Melt a tiny nut of butter in the remaining sauce and cover the scallops with it. Sprinkle the surface with grated cheese and brown in the oven or under the grill.

Fried scallops make a pleasant main dish for a light luncheon. Wash the scallops and separate the white parts from the tongues. Halve each white part. For four to five people, pour over 12 scallops a tablespoon of olive oil and one of lemon juice. Turn the scallops over and over in this mixture. Season with a little pepper and salt and a tiny pinch of Cayenne. Drain the scallops well. Dip them in beaten egg, then breadcrumbs and half their amount in grated Parmesan cheese. Fry the scallops in fairly hot deep fat until a warm gold. Drain on crumpled absorbent paper, serve garnished with hard-boiled eggs and pass sauce Tartare separately.

Scallops are also good when grilled *en brochette*. Poach them in a wine sauce as above. Cut them into suitable larger-than-usual pieces and wrap each in a thin piece of streaky bacon, spread out even thinner. Skewer white and red pieces alternately. Brush with beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs, grill lightly and serve on a pilaff of rice.





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DINING OUT

Just around the corner

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

IT IS SAID THAT there are always surprises around the corner. This is undoubtedly true about restaurants, inns and hotels—however well you think you know your way about or however well you are "in the know."

For example, I went around the corner from Park Lane to 7 Down Street, Piccadilly, to what appeared to be a perfectly ordinary pub. In fact, it's nothing of the sort. To start with, it's called The Little Mayfair Hotel and is residential with comfortable bedrooms (25s. for a single room with breakfast, to 42s. for a double).

It has a snack bar and a restaurant where from 12 noon to 3 p.m. you can get a well cooked three-course lunch for as little as 5s. As an alternative, from 12 noon to 9 p.m. you can go *à la carte* with a large range of grills. A fillet steak garni or an Entrecôte Steak Diane will cost you 6s. 6d.; grilled spring chicken with game chips, etc., 8s. 6d.

There is wine by the glass for 2s., a short and simple wine list, and, of course, a saloon bar and lounge, all fully licensed, and open in the evening until 11 o'clock.

If you are keen on vintage or veteran cars, you will find a fellow enthusiast in the resident licensee, N. S. Webb-Jones, who has decorated his bar shelves with models of vintage cars which he made himself.

From round the corner in Down Street, W.1, to round many more corners to 2-4 Belmont Parade, Finchley Road, N.W.11, next door to an immense Odeon cinema, where the Finchley Road almost reaches the North Circular. Here you will find The Belmont Restaurant, otherwise known as "Chez Jean Conil."

There its proprietor, Jean Conil, will personally prepare his specialities for you.

This is a restaurant where only ingredients of the finest quality are used and "cream, wine and liqueurs added by a generous hand." It must be something of a gastronomic shrine in this locality, for the menu is astonishing. Quite apart from

what Jean describes as "popular conservative dishes"—such as steaks, Escalope Holstein, curried chicken—there is a list of Jean's own specialities. It was these I went for when I dined there: Brandied liver pâté (3s. 6d.) and Scampi au Pernod (12s. 6d.).

I followed this with an Escalopine à La Borgia (12s. 6d.). The sauce was a port wine one with the addition of tomatoes, mushrooms, and cream, flambé at the table.

To conclude this astonishment, a feather-light Coffee Mousse, heavily laced with Tia Maria liqueur (3s. 6d.) Throughout the meal I stuck to one hock, a Niersteiner Schnapenberg 1950 at 24s. 6d. per bottle.

Next time I go I shall try a Quenelles of Carp with a live lobster sauce, which ought to be exciting. But remember, unless you want a "conservative dish," allow plenty of time.

One term which infuriates Jean Conil is "cooking wine." He says there is no such thing.

I may have given the impression that you have to spend a lot of money at The Belmont, but it's not necessary. In one part of this establishment Espresso Coffee is available with good food at moderate prices.

Having been to the opening of Le P'tit Montmartre in Marylebone Lane, W.1, two years ago, it was a pleasure to attend a party given there to celebrate its second anniversary. Restaurants come and go, but it's pretty obvious that this one has come to stay.

An interesting team of enthusiasts runs the place, its proprietors being Mr. & Mrs. René Bassett. René is the son of Lorenzo, one of the most famous restaurateurs of the Edwardian era and maître d'hôtel of the Carlton in its heyday. One of his associates was the world-famous maître chef Escoffier. René Bassett himself was trained by the Savoy Company.

The chef is M. René Rascanieres, while the manager, maître Louis Vincent, chef-trained himself, and expert at "flambé" at your table, comes to Le P'tit Montmartre from the famous Boulestin's.

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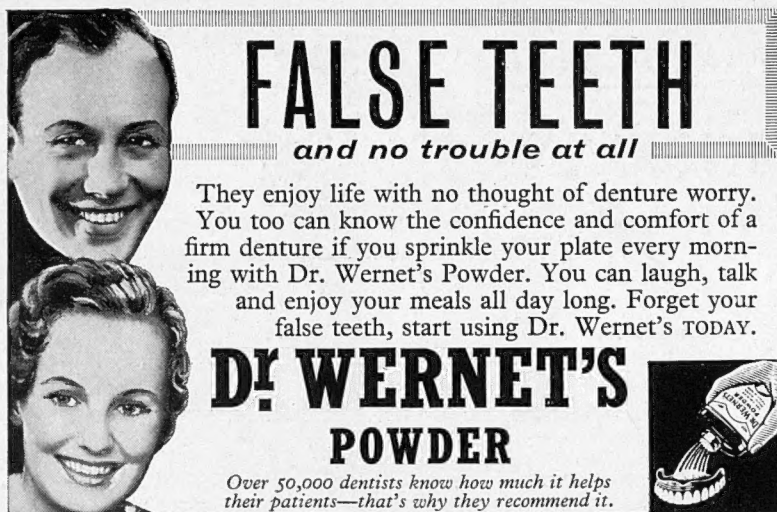
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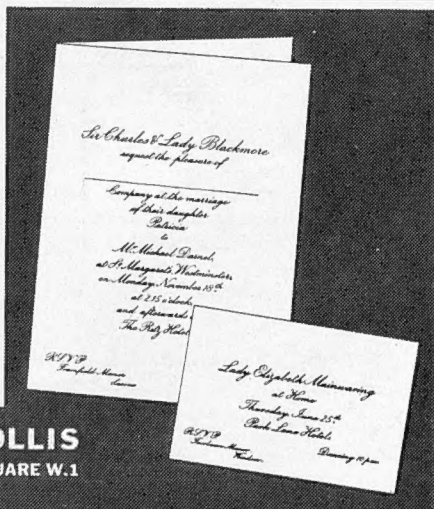
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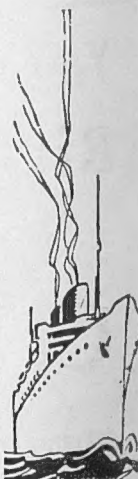


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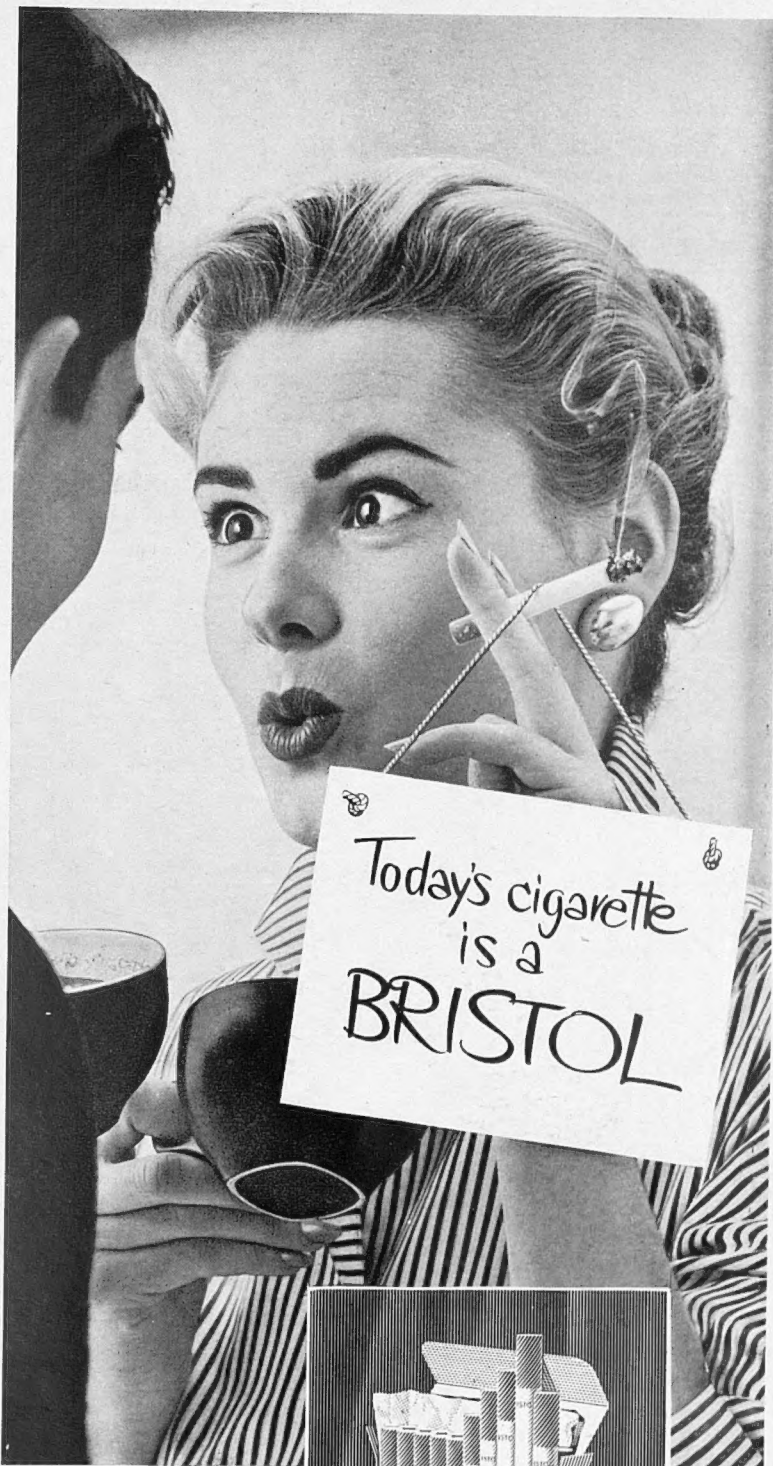
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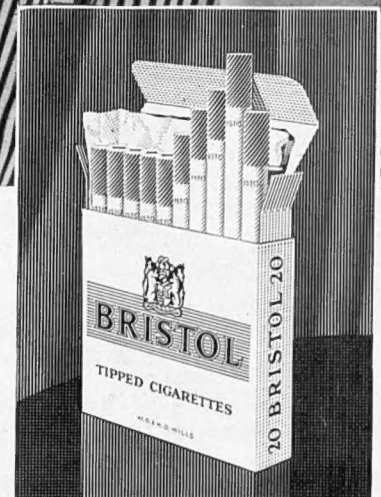
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